

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF THE  
SPECTATORS, TATLERS,  
AND  
GUARDIANS,

Connected and Digested under  
ALPHABETICAL HEADS.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

VOLUME the FIRST.

---

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for the PROPRIETORS, and sold by  
the Bookfellers in Town and Country.

---

M.DCC.LXXIII.



507

THE

SELECTED PAPERS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

Edited by

ALFRED RUSSELL WOODS

IN THREE VOLUMES

Volume the First

LONDON

Printed for the Trustees, and sold by  
the Booksellers in London

MILNER

Gifted

C

A

Abj

Abj

Acc

Abj

Abj

Abj

Abj

Abj

Abj

Ag

Ag

Ag

Al

Al

Al

Al



Gifted by John Rogerson Esq.  
 St. Michaels  
 Lockerbie Dumfriesshire  
 THE  
 1965

# CONTENTS

OF THE

## FIRST VOLUME.

	Page		Page
<b>A</b> bsence in Con- versation, }	1	Ambition,	52
Absence of Lovers,	5	Amity,	62
Abstinence,	7	Anacreon,	67
Accompts,	9	Anatomy,	68
Actions,	11	Ancestry,	74
Advice,	14	Ancient Writers,	79
Adversity	16	Animals,	81
Adulterers,	18	Amusements of Life,	87
Affectation,	19	Anger,	92
Affections,	23	Antiochus,	105
Affliction,	25	Ants,	106
Age,	29	+ Anxieties,	123
Agreeable Man,	31	+ Apparitions,	128
Agreeable in Company, }	32	Appearances,	134
Allegories,	33	Appetites,	136
Alexander,	46	Applause,	145
Allusions,	50	Arcadian,	149
Alcibiades,	ibid.	Architecture,	153
		Arguments,	160
		Astronomy,	163
		A 2	Atheism

# The CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
<i>Atheism,</i>	165	<i>Censure,</i>	259
<i>Authors,</i>	172	<i>Chaplain,</i>	265
<i>Avarice,</i>	178	<i>Charity,</i>	270
<i>Bacon (Sir Francis)</i>	183	<i>Charms,</i>	271
<i>Bankruptcy,</i>	188	<i>Chastity,</i>	ibid.
<i>Bath, Observati-</i>		<i>Cheerfulness,</i>	274
<i>ons on the Com-</i>		<i>Cherubims and</i>	
<i>pany there,</i>	194	<i>Seraphims,</i>	284
<i>Beards,</i>	200	<i>Children,</i>	ibid.
<i>Beauty,</i>	204	<i>Christian Church,</i>	290
<i>Beings,</i>	211	<i>Christian Religion,</i>	295
<i>Bills of Mortality,</i>	218	<i>Christians (their</i>	
<i>Blockheads,</i>	223	<i>Advantage,) }</i>	298
<i>Blindness,</i>	228	<i>Cicero's Letter to</i>	
<i>Books,</i>	234	<i>his Wife,</i>	308
<i>Busy (part of the</i>		<i>Cicero to Terentia,</i>	310
<i>World) }</i>	238	<i>Cleanliness,</i>	316
<i>Calamities,</i>	242	<i>Commerce,</i>	319
<i>Cælia, (her History)</i>	246	<i>Common Prayer,</i>	324
<i>Cato (Tragedy of)</i>	251	<i>Complaisance,</i>	329
<i>Celibacy,</i>	254	<i>Conjugal Affection,</i>	335
		<i>Conjugal Affliction,</i>	340

THE  
BEAUTIES

OF THE  
Spectators, Tatlers, &c.

ABSENCE *in Conversation.*

**M**Y friend Will Honeycombe is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call a *reueur* and a *distract*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset-garden, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking, what's o'clock in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me,

VOL. I.

A

we

we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great surprise, I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames; and, with great sedateness in his looks, put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time. and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions of mankind.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an Absent Man. Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and, examining himself further, finds, that he is but half shaved; that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt-upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air: All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company: Coming down to the court-gate, he finds a coach, which, taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As  
soon

soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit: Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; 'tis his turn to throw, he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice; and, at the same time, throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription: A nobleman receives one of them, and, upon opening it, reads as follows: I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter: His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an intire submission to. --- If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate; 'tis true, the rest of the

company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning, he puts his whole family in an hurry, and at last, goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner; and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be, upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth on't is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them; and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else: He came once from his own house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and, coming home, told his friends he had been robbed; they desire to know the particulars, Ask my servants, says Menalcas, for they were with me.

These blemishes proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image, and helps to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb,

which



SPECTATORS, TATLERS, &c. 5

which Mr Dryden has translated in the following lines,

*Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd;  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 77. X.

ABSENCE of Lovers.

MR SPECTATOR,

**T**HOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down any methods how they should support themselves under those long separations, which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable: I think of him every moment of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see, puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate; but this instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse



with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us. I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions: I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in a good humour when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me intreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood.

I am yours, &c. ASTERIA.

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse: Ovid's epistles are full of them; Otway's *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject;

*It*

----- It was not kind  
 To leave me like a turtle, here alone,  
 To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.  
 When thou art from me, ev'ry place is desert;  
 And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.  
 Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,  
 Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

The consolations of lovers, on these occasions, are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort: I shall take notice of one, which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiments with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 241. C.

## ABSTINENCE.

**T**HE preservation of health is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means to attain it, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himself without interruption

ruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them : If exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them : If exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour : If exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet : Every animal but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third : Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way ; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him. I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician : ‘ Make your whole repast out of one dish ; if you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong till you have finished your meal : At the same time, abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple.’ And, in the article of drinking, observe Sir William Temple’s method, viz. ‘ The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.’

It is observ’d by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated

brated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 195.

## ACCOUNTS.

**W**HEN a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him, that he has not kept true accounts. This phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humourous way of speaking; but, with that exact nation, it bears the highest reproach: For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honesty.

Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. When a merchant receives his returns from abroad, he can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss of his adventure; he ought also to be able to shew, that he had reason for making it, either from his own experience, or that of other people,

people, or from a reasonable presumption, that his returns will be sufficient to answer his expence and hazard, and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if he trades to Turkey, he ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. He ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that he may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo he had fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the King, and the interest of his own money, and besides all these expences, a reasonable profit to himself. Now where is the scandal of this skill? He throws down no man's inclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn, he takes nothing from the industrious labourer, he pays the poor man for his work, he communicates his profit with mankind, by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns; he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is obliged to him, for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet 'tis certain that none of all these things could be done by him, without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 174. T.  
ACTIONS.

**T**he no  
sists in  
princip  
to em  
state  
gentle  
the B  
amuse  
about  
and p  
of a p  
ward  
of ex  
lost

W  
visio  
indis  
that  
that  
will  
A  
give  
an  
som  
to  
ma  
can

## ACTIONS.

**T**HOSE who have searched into human nature, observe, that nothing so much shews the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastille seven years; during which time, he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 116. T.

We should cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves good, bad, or indifferent; and to direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do, may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

A good intention, joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In



In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality what the fathers, with a witty kind of zeal, have termed the virtues of the Heathen world, so many shining sins. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror; or, in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes sin exceeding sinful.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can; it multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness, which is recommended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves, the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, 'whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.'

A person therefore, who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have  
been



been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life without considering it, as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows 'his down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.' In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects, that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him, who will hereafter either reward or punish it: This was the character of those holy men of old, who, in that beautiful phrase of scripture, are said to have walked with God.

There is an excellent speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words:---'Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will

‘be accepted by him.’ We find in these words of that great man, the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner, ‘When I reflect on such a speech, pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Santie Socrates, Ora pro nobis*, O holy Socrates, pray for us.’

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 213. C.

### ADVICE.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us, as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable: The pens of the ancients and moderns have been exercised upon this occasion: How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is Fable; it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and therefore the most delicate. This will appear, if we reflect, that upon the reading of a fable, we are made to believe we advise ourselves: We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. This is confirmed by the examples of the wise men of old, who chose to give counsel to their princes in this method; an instance of which we have, in a Turkish tale, which informs us, That the Sultan Mahamoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Vizier to this great Sultan pretended to have learned of a certain dervise, to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the Sultan, 'what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.' The Vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard

‘part of their conversation, but dare not tell you  
 ‘what it is.’ The Sultan would not be satisfied  
 with such an answer, but forced him to repeat,  
 word for word, every thing the owls had said.  
 ‘You must know then,’ said the Visier, ‘that one  
 ‘of these owls has a son, and the other a daugh-  
 ‘ter, between whom they are now upon a treaty  
 ‘of marriage. The father of the son said to the  
 ‘father of the daughter, in my hearing, brother,  
 ‘I consent to this marriage, provided you will  
 ‘settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages  
 ‘for her portion. To which the father of the  
 ‘daughter replied, instead of fifty, I will give her  
 ‘five hundred, if you please. God grant a long  
 ‘life to Sultan Mahamoud; whilst he reigns over  
 ‘us, we shall never want ruin’d villages.’

The story says, the Sultan was so touch’d with  
 the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages  
 which had been destroy’d, and from that time  
 forward consulted the good of his people.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 512. O.

### ADVERSITY.

**P**LATO expresses his abhorrence of some  
 fables of the poets, which seem to reflect  
 on the gods, as the authors of injustice; and  
 lays it down as a principle, That whatever is  
 permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty,  
 sickness, or any of those things which seem to be  
 evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his  
 good.

good. My reader will observe, how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pain, after the doctrine of the Stoicks, to shew, that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, 'That nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.' He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves its ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercis'd with labour, disappointment and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortune. On this occasion, the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings: To which he adds, That it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from Heaven, and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 237.

When the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and passions, the best method of bringing it to its usual state of tranquillity, is, as much as we possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adversities of persons of higher consideration in virtue and merit than ourselves. By this means,

all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be the effect of justice upon our faults and indiscretions. When those whom we know to be excellent and deserving of a better fate are wretched, we cannot but resign ourselves, whom most of us know to merit a much worse state than that we are placed in. For such and many other occasions, there is one admirable relation which one might recommend for certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and improve the heart of man. Tully says somewhere, the pleasures of an husbandman are next to those of a philosopher. In like manner one may say, the pleasures of humanity are next to those of devotion. In both these latter satisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the soul above its ordinary state; at the same time that it lessens our value of ourselves, it enlarges our estimation of others.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 233.

### ADULTERERS.

**A**Dulterers, in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies; notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 579.

AFFECTATION.



## AFFECTATION.

**A**Late conversation, which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person, upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, word and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary, to shew her teeth; her fan was to point to somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady, to feed her vanity.

These



These unhappy effects of affectation, naturally lead to that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

But this apparent affectation, arising from an ill-govern'd consciousness, is not so much to be wonder'd at, in such loose and trivial minds as these, but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation; it creeps into the heart of the wise man, as well as that of the coxcomb. The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable; of this nature are all graces in mens persons, dress, and bodily deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive, if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency; his heart is fixed upon one point in view, and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible. It pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated

diated  
bene  
the d  
so in  
self v  
man  
to fir  
time  
grea  
so ve  
unw  
the  
der  
this  
very  
spea

I  
of  
in a  
of  
to  
is  
He  
po  
it  
th  
an  
pr

diated speeches; at the bar it torments the bench, and often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands rallery, but must resolve to sin no more; nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved under the lowliness of the preacher. I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I am speaking of.

DEAR SIR,

I Spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No, but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment: He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, condemn little merits, and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means

means will want its food, at the same time, your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified, men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities, 'till then you will never have of either, further than,

Sir, Your humble servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 38. R.

The great misfortune of affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and, instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Sémante would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the name of the olive-beauty; but Sémante has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that fam'd dictate, *follow nature*, which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero, when he consulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere, as Tully was in his; and should, in a very short time, find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part,

part,  
repug  
only a  
most h  
tion t  
Tully  
actual

W  
affecti  
matt  
mal a  
there  
be be  
for t  
souls,  
becom  
be ac  
the h  
had t  
comp  
not p  
differ  
has b  
sent,  
to o

part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence; and (as Tully expresses it) like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against Heaven.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 404.

## AFFECTIONS.

**W**HEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reach'd the affections of his mind, as well as his person; the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is therefore, an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestow'd upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrescencies of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let 'em grow; this may be accounted for in the behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress, between whom and his

his wife, Duumvir passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has pass'd the noon of life, but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which, after that season, are rather punishments than satisfactions: For a palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end, Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expensive and fantastical mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him, after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came: This he calls spirit and fire. Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living, yet allows, at the same time,

SP

time,  
nour,  
breath  
his hea  
way v  
to all  
tiality  
er of  
mistre  
There  
cumsta

TR  
a  
own n  
cumsta  
of deco

It w  
fantast  
as a mi  
ture of  
ferer,  
happy  
allegor  
Wh  
ment c  
Vor

time, that Phillips, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing: In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in this circumstance to be the subject of rallery.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 54.

### AFFLICTION.

TRUE affliction labours to be invisible; it is a stranger to ceremony, and bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 95. L.

It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory which Homer has suggested to me.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature,

VOL. I.

C

with



with the presiding Deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroad the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The



The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improv'd into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred; youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age; wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautify'd with virtue.

In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that, by degrees, fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholsome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enrich'd by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance as occasion'd as great a surprize to the three sisters, as either of the foregoing, when they discover'd several calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The destinies, finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason, they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter. This was perform'd accordingly, the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

false

S  
' C  
' th  
' dif  
' sent  
' We  
' ther  
' shal  
' is no  
' occa  
' crea  
' cala

O  
more  
educat  
er. I  
mind,  
strengt  
master  
with fo  
in a yo  
or a he  
nature  
not cor  
Age  
in it a  
all the

‘ O Jupiter (says she) we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit; for we acknowledge that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestow’d.’

TATTLER, Vol. III. No. 146.

## AGE.

OF all the impertinent wishes which we hear express’d in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman, or a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one’s self younger. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind, if we want our youth again, only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of. It is as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason.

Age in a virtuous person, of either sex, carries in it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth. If to be saluted, at-

tended, and consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that methinks it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with Tully, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be near it than age; what youth can say more than an old man? He shall live till night; youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth indeed hopes for many more days, so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded; for, what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as for hope, he is still happier than the youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit. It is thus in the life of a man of sense, a short life is sufficient to manifest himself

self a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such, he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 153. T.

### AGREEABLE MAN.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things, from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments, flowing from habitual chastity of thought. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that will make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which

which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity in a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world, as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for, as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledg'd merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 280. T.

### AGREEABLE *in Company.*

**T**HE true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as true art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinary call a good companion, but essentially is such, and, in all the parts of his conversation,

has



has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates mens minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is form'd for such by nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 386. T.

## ALLEGORIES.

**A**LLEGORIES, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude, and that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture

posture, and air graceful; but we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect. Great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians; on the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds, but for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

They set off all writings in general, and are the very life and highest perfection of poetry; where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation; it bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's

reader's  
found  
and gi  
word,  
illustri  
mind  
than c

An  
ing,  
that c  
infen

As  
anci  
in f  
writ  
unfu  
grea  
can  
dea  
tur  
has  
tler  
pie

wh  
lof  
in

reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 421. O.

An allegory is like the health we get by hunting, as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

TATTLER, Vol. III. No. 147.

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece.

How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us? What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn  
into

into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment? Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us, or the power and splendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size, as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present, did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore with company, whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the river of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overfet by the impatience and haste of single passengers, to arrive at the other

other  
us by  
all pr  
peare  
viour  
sentin  
voyag  
tienc  
cried  
retur  
(who  
fate  
pany  
small  
were  
push  
with  
we  
sever  
ed u  
W  
be fl  
neta  
ror  
thin  
mu  
this  
con  
isla  
the

other side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune*, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too, who, till then, cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked, but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread, and, being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank through several difficulties, of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce; so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, inasmuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford, by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourselves to others, whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew trees, which love to overshadow tombs, and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner, visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that  
had

had a  
crep  
ings,  
eccho  
fages.  
doleful  
ed wi  
on wh  
ragge  
upon  
oppre  
did st  
of her  
the p  
Deje  
ness,  
were  
tions  
to su  
of w  
dism  
whol  
disco  
us fi  
they  
with  
the p  
pain  
who  
rece



had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans, that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the *doleful being* herself; the path to her was strowed with goads, stings, and thorns, and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her, her head, oppressed with it, reclined upon her arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood *Dejection*, just dropping into a swoon, and *Pale-ness*, wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were *Care*, inwardly tormented with imaginations, and *Anguish*, suffering outward troubles, to suck the blood from her heart, in the shape of *calumnies*. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, in which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose, and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us, and regal words were heard: With



we could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter grayness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country *gleams of amusement*. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter, and of a longer continuance. The *sighs* that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners, who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at the time we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again, every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded,

that, in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience* appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 501. O.

When *Hercules* was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment. Her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence

tence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

My dear *Hercules*, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications, sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, ~~concerts~~ of music, concerts of crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business----

*Hercules* hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name, to which she answered, My friends, and those who are well acquainted

acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleasure*.<sup>17</sup>

By this time the other lady was come up, who address'd herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

*Hercules*, says she, I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The goddess of *Pleasure* here broke in upon her discourse. You see, says she, *Hercules*, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult; whereas that

that  
said  
a pos  
the p  
are h  
befor  
fore  
natur  
most  
self,  
the v  
away  
fures  
men

As  
good  
fan,  
mili  
affor  
The  
but  
then  
The  
chea  
hear  
year  
hon  
my  
by T  
try,  
nou



that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self, nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands; your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, and household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

We

We know by the life of this memorable hero, that he gave up his heart to the goddess of *Virtue*; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

TATTLER, Vol. II. No. 97.

## ALEXANDER.

IT is recorded of Alexander the Great, that, in his Indian expedition, he buried several suits of armour, which, by his direction, were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 127. C.

There is still extant an epistle of Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, That he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 379.

The character of this Prince indeed was, That he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had warm in

his

his im  
tor, h  
dispos  
fires,  
queror

An  
a hist  
subje  
of his  
pitche  
Alexa  
Princ  
was f  
to th  
thoug  
ry, as  
his o  
worle  
more  
desire  
medy  
is we  
ment  
But  
knov  
in th  
for h  
ditio  
after

his imagination the precepts of his great instructor, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to his strongest desires, which are incident to a youth and conqueror.

TATTLER, Vol. IV. No. 191.

A noble painter, who has an ambition to draw a history piece, has desired me to give him a subject on which he may shew the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose, I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his physician. This Prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized with a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his *vast* mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed a slow method was worse than death to him, because it was what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory; he desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the King, it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any who should take away his life. But Philippos, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised, that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter

letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence, that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and, while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy: I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence.

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self, on this occasion, the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain, to place this action in its proper beauty. A Prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drank the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it: But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from  
the

the m  
fide  
of P  
tion,  
in th  
cipal  
must  
is no  
but  
safet  
fals  
high  
shall  
lippu  
' my  
' it c  
' pro  
' as  
' lex  
' ad  
' mi  
' ten  
said,  
' I  
' fai  
' ly  
' yo  
' cir

V

the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence which Alexander assumes from the air of Philippus's face, as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular, he must heighten his thoughts by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration mingled with disdain? How shall we, in strokes of a pencil, say what Philippus did to his Prince on this occasion? 'Sir, my life never depended on yours, more than it does now: Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion which you have taken, as what concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master.' Alexander took him by the hand, and said, 'Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: And in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own.'

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 209.

## ALLUSIONS.

**B**Y Allusions, a truth in the understanding, is as it were reflected by the imagination. We are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shews itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature: For though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the passages which are to be explained.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 421.

## ALCIBIADES.

**A**LCIBIADES was a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and, upon occasion, very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow:



bestow: He had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life, was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his, when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument; he answered, It is not for me to give, but to receive delight. However, the conversation of Socrates, tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments; and this following soliloquy, is supposed, by the learned, to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man.----

‘ I am now wholly alone; my ears are not  
 ‘ entertained with music, my eyes with beauty,  
 ‘ nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to  
 ‘ divert the course of my inward thoughts: Me-  
 ‘ thinks there is something sacred in myself, now  
 ‘ I am alone. What is this being of mine? I  
 ‘ came into it without my choice, and yet Socrate-  
 ‘ tes says, it is to be imputed to me. In this re-  
 ‘ pose of my senses, wherein they communicate  
 ‘ nothing strongly to myself, I taste methinks a  
 ‘ being distinct from their operation. Why  
 ‘ may not my soul exist, when she is wholly  
 ‘ gone out of these organs? I can perceive my  
 ‘ faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the

' pleasures of sense ; and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her, diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her, adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.'

This soliloquy is but the first dawnings of thought in a mind of a mere man given up to sensuality.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 81.

### AMBITION.

**T**HE Ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 200.

There

There are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 219.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies,

dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded, that such a man is not ambitious: His desires may cut out another channel, and determine him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise, the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure conscientiousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle; to wit, the desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenious disposition, or a corrupt mind: It does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined  
only

only  
hum  
fect  
fame  
break  
anoth

It  
desire  
playe  
tion  
it, w  
out o

TH  
ward  
the u  
those  
'Tis  
had  
woul  
wrest

TH  
accid  
with  
lation  
prom  
terpr

only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour.

This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. 'Tis Mr Waller's opinion, That Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would, in all probability, have made an excellent wrestler.

*Great Julius on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps or herd had led;  
He that the world subdu'd, had been,  
But the best wrestler on the green.*

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprize of a lower nature. Since therefore no  
man's

man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outfides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned, without due notice and observation. It has likewise upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight,

to



to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes a person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction, are owing various frolicksome and irregular practices; as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprizes of the like fiery nature; for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common and at the same time most absurd ambition that ever shewed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do in some measure excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice.

"Tis

'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature ; it renders the man who is over-run with it, a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unfociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance : For this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him. Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. 'Tis true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing : He is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement. It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which

he

he knows he shall take up again with pleasure : And yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security.

It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possess'd himself of the Roman empire, his desires turn'd upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth, neither can or ought to remain at rest : If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way : But he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamour'd with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind ; who repines not at the low station which providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself

himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground, such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish, and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will. The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education, to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail, if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be: It will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life, is highly valuable and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order

S P

orde  
roo  
it an  
selve  
inspi  
gant

AN  
infla  
of th  
imag  
abat  
for c  
and  
fame  
that  
nor  
of do

T  
ated  
with  
infin  
whe  
self,  
com  
crea

V

order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, corrects love and elegant desire.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 224.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: But fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 256. C.

There is scarce a man living, who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 570.

# AMITY, *between the two Sexes* *dangerous.*

IT should, methinks, preserve modesty, and its interests in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness, as to intimate, that fear and reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit of the last age,

*Sidney has that prevailing gentle art,  
Which can with a resistless charm impart  
The loosest wishes to the chafest heart;  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
Between declining virtue and desire,  
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.* }

This prevailing gentle art, was made up of complaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which Antony makes, in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge.

Her



*Her galley down the silver Cidnos row'd ;  
 The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold ;  
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails ;  
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were  
 plac'd,*

*Where she, another sea-born Venus lay ;  
 She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,  
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if, secure of all beholders hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,  
 Stood fawning with their painted wings the winds  
 That play'd about her face ; but if she smil'd,  
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
 That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,  
 But hung upon the object. To soft flutes  
 The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,  
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
 And both to thought-----*

Here the imagination is warm'd with all the objects presented; and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr Philips's pastorals.

*Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,  
 Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow ;  
 Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,  
 My love in yonder vale asleep does lye.*

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion: Licentious language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked, to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle art. Masters of that talent are capable of cloathing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their hearts, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers: They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapply'd. It is certain, that many a young woman in this town, has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance, which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters.

characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men without some degree of love. For this reason, he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or visitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral; but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other, no other I warrant you, than Pylades and Orestes.

*When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,  
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;  
Unable to refrain my madding mind,  
Nor sheep, nor pasture worth my care I find.*

*Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;  
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss,  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.*

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what

make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is permission of such intercourse, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband, after the disappointment of four or five passions, which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him, for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do, that has lost all her friends: There's Marinette the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart: Then she had so great a friendship for Colonel Hardy, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out, and these resentments are more keen, than ever those of other men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of platonic love; for which reason, I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the

the waste of a platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 400. T.

*ANACREON's instructions to painters to paint his mistress.*

**B**EST and happiest artizan,  
 Best of painters, if you can  
 With your many colour'd art  
 Paint the mistress of my heart:  
 Describe the charms you hear from me,  
 (Her charms you could not paint, and see)  
 And make the absent nymph appear,  
 As if her lovely self was here.  
 First draw her easy flowing hair  
 As soft, and black as she is fair;  
 And if your art can rise so high,  
 Let breathing odours round her fly.  
 Beneath the shade of flowing jet,  
 The iv'ry forehead smoothly set,  
 With care the sable brows extend,  
 And in two arches nicely bend;  
 That the fair space which lies between,  
 The meeting shade may scarce be seen.  
 The eye must be uncommon fire,  
 Sparkle, languish, and desire;  
 The flames unseen must yet be felt,  
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.

The

*The rosy cheeks must seem to glow,  
 Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow :  
 Let her lips, persuasion wear,  
 In silence elegantly fair ;  
 As if the blushing rivals strove,  
 Breathing and inviting love :  
 Below her chin besure to deck  
 With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck ;  
 While all that's pretty, soft and sweet,  
 In the swelling bosom meet :  
 The vest in purple garments veil,  
 Her body, not her shape conceal :  
 Enough---The lovely work is done.  
 The breathing paint will speak anon.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 168.

## ANATOMY.

**T**HOSE who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of a human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There were indeed many parts, of which, the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but as they saw that most of those



those, which they examined, were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject, as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, still mends upon the search, and produces our surprize and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human body, may be applied to the body of every animal, which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass: The eye is able to command it, and, by successive inquiries, can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and

and well-contrived a frame, as that of an human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as a miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy. I shall here consider the fabrick and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the preceeded throw which immediately preceeded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which

which  
which  
Every  
magnit  
species  
and h  
nature  
in a v  
reptile  
anima  
with t  
that o  
size a  
is dra  
tions,  
• tedio  
duct  
those  
anim  
verse  
divisi  
might  
parts  
dispo  
surv  
tabl  
In a  
its g  
duct  
tiple  
orig

which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature: Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants, which it has made on every original species in particular.

But

But to pursue this thought still farther : Every living creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this; but when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers, when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain

S  
plain  
those  
amon  
demo  
of ch  
streng  
fect v  
numb  
minu  
how  
life r  
lars,  
states  
that a  
throw  
numb  
shoul  
of m  
arise  
gree  
of co  
derat  
sexes  
blanc  
stin  
of thi  
Th  
Supre  
power  
body  
reade  
V o

plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: And, if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth

book of the poem entitled, *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 543. O.

### ANCESTRY.

**H**ORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to shew, that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has



no claim to hereditary honours: Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible, that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit, is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man, who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: Or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing

but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn, begun a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time----- upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, I would fain know what that gentleman means: Is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself? The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality: But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants or flatterers, that lose all the respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly,  
he

S  
he no  
eye  
most  
servan  
how  
Th  
man  
minds  
nurses  
upto  
house  
with  
I ha  
name  
marry  
died a  
She w  
away  
her lif  
explo  
Marth  
virgins  
had be  
centur  
as Luci  
in all o  
world.  
they in  
her tha  
heaven  
when t

he no sooner came into the room, but, casting his eye about, My Lord Such-a-one, says he, your most humble servant; Sir Richard, your humble servant; your servant, Mr Ironside; Mr Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank, are you there?

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and past away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life, in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter.

daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them, that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me, with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt, to the richest man upon the 'change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death, she was reciting to me the history of my fore-fathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edghill fight, I

gave

gave  
all t  
close  
geth  
she f  
had  
that  
gran  
lies  
with  
that  
ster,  
fam  
gene

IT  
a  
Tha  
cien  
lear  
ture  
any  
the  
was  
batt  
such  
rese  
of l

gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, What was all this to me? Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together; in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides; after which, follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 137.

### ANCIENT *Writers.*

**I**T is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too, to declare, That all that is good is borrowed from the ancients; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the General's horse at the battle of Blenheim, as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to  
urge,

urge, that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgement can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such views and lights, as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty, superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these, give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: In like manner an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil, raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 12.

ANIMALS.



## ANIMALS.

**M**Y friend, Sir Roger, is very often merry with me, upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry; he has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near all hen and chickens. He tells me, he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house, calls such a particular cock my favourite, and frequently complains, that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess, I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and, as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: The arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals, being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal, is different from that of every other kind; and yet, there is not the least turn in the muscles, or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger; the first is a perpetual call upon them

them to propagate their kind, the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descends from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others of a nicer frame find out proper beds to deposite them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile and ostrich. Others hatch their eggs, and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation, for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason, for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment,

cealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects, for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment, which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author; and hope my readers will pardon such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals, of which I am here speaking.

“A person who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which rather seemed to proceed from the loss of her young one, than from the sense of her own torments.”

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent, than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves:

themselves: And what is a very particular circumstance in this part of instinct, we find, that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it, as we may see in birds that drive away their young, as soon as they are able to get their livelihood; but continue to feed them, if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species, nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us, it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty. Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men, but their wisdom is confin'd to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass.

pass  
fine  
use  
vati

W

a net  
and  
such  
care  
that

Whe

fary  
befor  
capal

you f  
quitt

but i

woul

the y  
atten

Whe

nicety

break

cover

provi

to hel

nest,

young

chemi

greate

ing of

Vo

pass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly depriv'd of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be follow'd with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick, though there are many other

birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the foremention'd particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) consider'd in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner : She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species ; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities, inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism ; but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression



pression from the first mover and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 120. L.

### AMUSEMENTS *of life.*

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former: Though we seem griev'd at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the

time annihilated that lies between the present moment, and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

*nor*

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure ~~or~~ business. I do not however include, in this calculation, the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action: And I hope I shall do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The

S

T  
gene  
cular  
tues,  
ous t  
the m  
ignor  
ed, a  
day  
nitie  
doing  
of fo  
recti  
emp  
bring  
busy

T  
empl  
are a  
comp  
cour  
able  
auth  
der a  
keep  
enjoy  
ing h  
of f  
him  
thou  
hour

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours, when those of other men are the most

unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant

versant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense, passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations. But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably, as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life, that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation, with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse;

verse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors: But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 93. L.

### ANGER.

**A**NGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and cholerick disposition. The moralists

mora  
ven  
head  
gean  
seives  
watch  
grief  
happ  
ed p  
imagi  
ful,  
cause  
refere  
parat  
Weat  
of fu  
full o  
is, he  
madn  
come  
ran v  
is a f  
Men  
than  
bear v  
in ret  
The  
that i  
in the  
bull o  
an in



moralists have defined it to be a desire of revenge for some injury offered. Men of hot and heady tempers, are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: Whereas the cool and sedate, watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens, that the cholerick inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences; but the temperately revengeful, have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance: But the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, only to give himself ease; and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should bear with their infirmities: Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why indeed should any

one

one imagine, that persons independent upon him, should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be understood, as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice. I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character, than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven has bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the cholerick, as the devil is more horrible than a brute: It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine: The other hath a sinooother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate, who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life, what shall we think of him who hath a soul so infected, that he can never be happy till he hath made another miserable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast? What dark stratagems,

stratagems,  
dread  
intrica  
to his  
blem  
Were  
with f  
that w  
linger  
stillet  
in his

The  
be cal  
other  
hath t  
of goo  
restrai  
times  
so gen  
till we  
and o  
wretc  
medal  
neighb  
can gi  
succe  
practic

Wh  
this su  
ters, v  
They

stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions ! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto. Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two, I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally cholerick, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that, till we have stricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say, of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown, as that upon the success of his edicts, for abolishing the impious practice of duelling.

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us, but the

the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apo'logy to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

*A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.*

" I that am in France, hear how much you  
 " attribute to yourself in this time, that I have  
 " given the world leave to ring your praises  
 " \*\*\*\*\* if you call to memory, whereas  
 " when I gave you my hand last, I told you, I  
 " reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation.  
 " Now be that noble gentleman my love once  
 " spoke you, and come and do him right that  
 " could recite the trials you owe your birth and  
 " country, were I not confident your honour  
 " gives you the same courage to do me right,  
 " that it did to do me wrong. Be master of  
 " your own weapons and time; the place where-  
 " soever I will wait on you. By doing this,  
 " you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle  
 " opinion the world hath of both our worths.

*Ed. Bruce."*

*A*

*A Monsieur Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.*

"As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour, by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

*"Edward Sackville."*

*A Monsieur Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.*

"I am ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentlemen for my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming, I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair, for your own honour and fear of prevention; until which time you shall find me there.

*Tergoso, August 10.*

1613.

*"Ed. Sackville."*

*A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.*

"I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with  
VOL. I. I me;

"me, and now I come with all possible haste to  
 "meet you.

"*Ed. Bruce.*"

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 129.

*Oh! fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!  
 Only destructive to the brave and great.*

CAMPAIGN.

The gallant behaviour of the combatants, may  
 serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detesta-  
 tion of that false honour which robs our country  
 of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

*Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the fight be-  
 tween him and the Lord Bruce.*

*Worthy Sir,*

**A**S I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sen-  
 sible of the false aspersions some authorless  
 tongues have laid upon me, in the reports of the  
 unfortunate passage lately happened between the  
 Lord Bruce and myself, which, as they are  
 spread here, so may I justly fear they reign also  
 where you are. There are but two ways to re-  
 solve doubts of this nature: By oath or by  
 sword: The first is due to magistrates, and  
 communicable to friends; the other to such as  
 maliciously slander, and impudently defend their  
 assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me,  
 you hold me your friend, which esteem I am  
 much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the

right



right to understand the truth of that, and in my behalf inform others, who either are or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons : And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give, is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire, at my father-in-law's house. After it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased Lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business till we meet at Tergofo in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous ; where he, accompanied with one Mr Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could : And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds, we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where,

in the midway, but a village divides the States territories from the Archduke's, and there was the destined stage, to the end, that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease; and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands: But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved and assented to. Accordingly we embark'd for Antwerp. And by reason, my Lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomly, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword, I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad, my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed, it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own; and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind hand, as a little of my blood would

not

not  
refo  
I wil  
tlem  
stand  
satisf  
John  
blood  
perfor  
tation  
himse  
prohib  
ces he  
reiter  
Sir Jo  
delive  
tions :  
so mov  
had no  
at dim  
(seeing  
stomac  
I requ  
" pres  
" he s  
" only  
" unar  
" fore  
" Engl  
" weak  
" easily

not serve his turn, and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour. Hereunto Sir John Heidon reply'd, that such intentions were bloody and butchery, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life : Withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, Sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations : The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though, to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach, much more dangerous than otherwise). I requested my second to certify him, " I would  
 " presently decide the difference, and therefore  
 " he should presently meet me on horseback,  
 " only waited on by our surgeons, they being  
 " unarmed. Together we rode, but one be-  
 " fore the other, some twelve score, about two  
 " English miles; and then, passion having so  
 " weak an enemy to assail, as my direction,  
 " easily became victor, and using his power, made

" me obedient to his commands. I being verily  
 " mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst  
 " after my life with a kind of assuredness, see-  
 " ing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give  
 " him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bad  
 " him alight, which with all willingness he  
 " quickly granted; and there in a meadow, an-  
 " cle-deep in water, at the least, bidding fare-  
 " wel to our doublets, in our shirts began to  
 " charge each other; having afore commanded  
 " our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty  
 " distance from us, conjuring them besides, as  
 " they respected our favours or their own safe-  
 " ties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our  
 " pleasures. We being fully resolved (God for-  
 " give us) to dispatch each other by what  
 " means we could, I made a thrust at my  
 " enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back  
 " my arm, I received a great wound there-  
 " on, which I interpreted as a reward for my  
 " short shooting; but in revenge I prest into  
 " him, though I then missed him also, and then  
 " receiving a wound in my right pap, which  
 " passed level through my body, and almost  
 " to my back; and there we wrestled for the  
 " two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever  
 " expect trial for, honour and life. In which  
 " struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary  
 " glove on it, lost one of her servants, though  
 " the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to  
 " fight, yet remaineth as before; and I am put  
 " in

" in hope one day to recover the use of it again.  
 " But at last breathless, yet keeping our holds,  
 " there passed on both sides propositions of quit-  
 " ting each other's sword; but when amity was  
 " dead, confidence could not live, and who  
 " should quit first was the question, which on  
 " neither part, either would perform; and re-  
 " striving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench  
 " together, I freed my long captivated weapon,  
 " which incontinently levying at his throat, being  
 " master still of his, I demanded if he would ask  
 " his life or yield his sword; both which, though  
 " in that imminent danger, he bravely denied  
 " to do. My self being wounded, and feeling loss  
 " of blood, having three conduits running on me,  
 " began to make me faint, and he courageously  
 " persisting not to accord to either of my pro-  
 " positions, remembrance of his former bloody  
 " desire, and feeling of my present estate, I  
 " struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed  
 " my aim, yet passed through the body, and  
 " drawing through my sword, repassed it through  
 " again, through another place; when he cried,  
 " *Oh! I am slain!* seconding his speech with all  
 " the force he had to cast me. But being too  
 " weak, after I had defended his assault, I  
 " easily became master of him, laying him on  
 " his back, when being upon him, I re-demanded  
 " if he would request his life, but it seemed he  
 " prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding  
 " for it; bravely replying, *he scorned it*; which  
 " answer

“ answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I  
 “ protest I could not find in my heart to offer  
 “ him any more violence, only keeping him  
 “ down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried  
 “ out, *He would immediately die, if his wounds*  
 “ *were not stopped.* Whereupon I asked, if he  
 “ desired his surgeon should come, which he ac-  
 “ cepted of; and so being drawn away, I never  
 “ offered to take his sword, accounting it inhu-  
 “ man to rob a dead man, for so I held him to  
 “ be. Thus this ended, I retired to my sur-  
 “ geon, in whose arms, after I had remained  
 “ awhile for want of blood, I lost my sight, and  
 “ withal, as I then thought, my life also. But  
 “ strong water and his diligence quickly reco-  
 “ vered me, when I escaped a great danger :  
 “ For my Lord’s surgeon, when no body dream’d  
 “ of it, came full at me with his Lord’s sword ;  
 “ and had not mine with my sword interposed  
 “ himself, I had been slain by those base hands :  
 “ Although my Lord Bruce, weltring in his  
 “ blood, and past all expectation of life, con-  
 “ formable to all his former carriage, which was  
 “ undoubtedly noble, cried out, *Rascal ! hold*  
 “ *thy hand.* So may I prosper, as I have dealt  
 “ sincerely with you in this relation, which I  
 “ pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to  
 “ my Lord Chamberlain, and so, &c.

Louvain, Sept. 8.

“ Yours,

1613.

“ EDWARD SACKVILLE.”

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 133.

ANTIOCHUS.



## ANTIOCHUS.

**ANTIOCHUS**, a Prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old King Seleucus, his father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whensoever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old King's tenderness for his son, when he one morning enquired of his health, he told him, That the Prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The King surprized at this account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? Why, Sir, replied Erasistratus, because he is in love with the person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. Sir, said Erasistratus, would your Majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire. Heaven is my witness, says Seleucus, I would

would resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus. At this the tears ran down his cheeks, which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, Sir, said he, if these are your real sentiments, the Prince's life is out of danger : It is Stratonice for whom he dies. Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage ; and the young Queen, to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 185.

## ANTS.

**I**N my last Saturday's paper, I supposed a mole-hill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects, in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained, than with his narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

“ In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been

been  
vered  
bish,  
the w  
merly  
dry a  
fouth  
rain,  
was  
and t  
witho  
build  
near

Ha  
took  
out a  
my e  
with  
respe  
them  
curio  
quick  
and n  
was  
cy, a  
more  
And  
a new  
form  
I  
forts

been long uncultivated, and therefore it was covered with old plaister and a great deal of rubbish, that fell from the top of the house and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants, and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box. But, casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: And therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences; I took out of the box every

every thing that might be troublesome to them, and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy. One would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn which they keep under ground in the night. What surprized me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn but in the night, when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day time, which was contrary to what I had seen and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it. There was a pigeon-house not far from thence; pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time: 'Tis highly probable, they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning: I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window: As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience,

perien  
after  
to lay  
percei  
ing ou  
out th  
first in  
order,  
in case  
every  
had ne  
corn,  
carried

The  
half an  
into a  
which  
where  
probabl  
fect, an  
mains c  
observe  
magazin

The  
under g  
to preve  
they lay  
lain in  
one may  
plainly f  
But tho  
VOL.

perience, is, That those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching and looking every way: At last being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

There is a strait hole in every ants nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

The corn that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up, and therefore the corn which has lain in their nests, will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn! But though the bud be bitten off, there remains

another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun: Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole; they lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth, I answer, that upon such an occasion, nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun; corn does not keep upon sand: Besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles

S  
ticle  
I ad  
that  
anot  
to be  
As  
the l  
and  
thos  
stuck  
nest,  
W  
earth  
mann  
one r  
one  
then  
which  
TH  
when  
I ob  
day  
the  
custo  
being  
perce  
the  
small  
Milan  
rain u



ticles that could not easily come ont. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another, and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not come out of an ants nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch ont a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: The sun being very hot, and the sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it; but half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

What will hence be said. K 2 I

I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret : I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in it, and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best ; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept ; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopt all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers, and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy, for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their  
nourishment.

S  
non  
grea  
The  
out f  
time  
like  
curfio  
that  
somet  
anoth  
dry ea  
The  
their  
two  
end of  
quest  
for the  
ed with  
needs  
much  
grain fr  
took up  
the stre  
animals  
works a  
heavy lo  
the spac  
fects don  
but then  
when sh  
story, cli

nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: They were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: One brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the further end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. 'Tis true, those insects don't take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head down-

wards, and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: When this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste, that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down and found her with the same corn in her paws; she was ready to climb up again: The same misfortune, happened to her three times: Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her; she stopped, and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up:

up:  
find  
some  
nest  
exper  
they  
easily  
enough  
tients  
of it.

G

It  
that in  
dence  
not to  
bour.  
ral art  
agricu  
give e  
kind.  
find al  
laborio  
silence  
under  
is the  
therefo  
nature  
reproa

up: They take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: They do not require so great a patience as that of ants, but few people are capable of it.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 156.

*Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.*

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: The preservation of their being, is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation: All nature is busy about him: Every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden

burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself or family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows.

“ Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: For an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision, and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether



whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter. We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I don't believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary."

I have said before, that there were three ants nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes, seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed, that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from

from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: Ants are afraid of water: And when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: There was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night: Above fifty of those little animals, especially of the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally, in a wonderful order: They removed it in the morning, and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, inasmuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants in the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: They laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister, one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance; and they lay out

out t  
about  
took  
troub  
there  
wards  
M.  
that i  
lies op  
their s  
to be  
here,  
you ma

Here  
made  
ants ne  
went a  
corner  
distance  
with an  
ready f  
with co  
made a  
and lai  
city: A  
out of t  
bottle, t  
and bec  
the terr  
boiling  
that rem  
throw

out their corn and their dry earth in the sun, about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants nests, that were troubled with the rain; as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

M. de la Loubere says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees: No ants nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here, what that author says about those insects; you may see his relation.

Here follows a curious experiment which I made upon the same ground where I had three ants nests: I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner: In the corner of a kind of a terras, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government: I made a hole in the box like that of an ants nest, and laid as it were the foundations of a new city: Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terras, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terras, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled  
the

the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it; they went away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terras, I was very much surprised to see the ants nest, which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gun-powder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown: And then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night, therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable, by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An ant never goes into any other nest but her own, and if she should venture to do it, she would

S  
would  
have  
her in  
ing w  
I hav  
and p  
ping  
their  
to fly  
not b  
of the  
sued  
avoid  
and r  
escap  
at th  
chose  
It is  
infect  
own.  
are v  
holes  
trans  
live i  
of tr  
that  
the c  
exch  
anoth  
and  
a the  
than  
V

would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest to put her into another, but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins; but the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest but at the last extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality, but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest, and those that live in it, carry them in. They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending. I know the contrary: They lend their corn, they make exchanges, they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance,

how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things: And it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves; perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees: Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn, when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them, but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punished those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them, which they did in the following manner: Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, till she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly, from whence I infer, that they have a very severe discipline among themselves to keep so good an order, or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them, which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their

their  
own  
anim  
anoth  
they  
which  
comm  
use, b  
distin  
terest  
the fo

W  
care  
thing  
nests,  
body  
them  
ing th  
left, t  
most  
hither  
that i  
those i  
this ca  
that I

I T  
ful  
greater



their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns; the same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion: It is not so with ants; they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock: It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community. There is no distinction between a private and a common interest: An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground. I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison to them, and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: Perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 157.

### ANXIETIES.

**I**T must be owned, that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it: It being im-

L 2

planted

planted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life and all its enjoyments would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety, is very famous.

*O! nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una senem.*

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkness in the apocryphal book of Wisdom ascribed to Solomon. "For when  
"unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy  
"nation,

S  
" na  
" p  
" bo  
" th  
" po  
" sca  
" bel  
" str  
" den  
" and  
" for  
" thi  
" wh  
" shin  
" ed  
" spre  
" nefs  
" but  
" grie  
To  
propose  
hanging  
path of  
natural  
neglect  
be mo  
sion) w  
nothing  
cent Be  
father.  
the mir

"nation, they being shut up in their houses, the  
 "prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the  
 "bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from  
 "the eternal Providence. For while they sup-  
 "posed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were  
 "scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness,  
 "being horribly astonished and troubled with  
 "strange apparitions --- For wickedness, con-  
 "demned by her own witness, is very timorous;  
 "and being oppressed with conscience, always  
 "forecasteth grievous things. For fear is no-  
 "thing else but a betraying of the succours  
 "which reason offereth : For the whole world  
 "shined with clear light, and none were hinder-  
 "ed in their labour. Over them only was  
 "spread a heavy night, an image of that dark-  
 "ness which should afterwards receive them;  
 "but yet were they unto themselves more  
 "grievous than the darkness."

To fear so justly grounded, no remedy can be  
 proposed; but a man who hath no great guilt  
 hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain  
 path of justice and integrity, and yet either by  
 natural complexion or confirmed prejudices, or  
 neglect of serious reflection, (suffers himself to  
 be moved by this abject and unmanly compas-  
 sion) would do well to consider, that there is  
 nothing which deserves his fear, but that benefi-  
 cent Being who is his friend, his protector, his  
 father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in  
 the mind, what calamity would be dreadful?

What load can infamy lay upon us, when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated.

*The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just;  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries:  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,  
And with superior greatness smiles.*

*Not the rough whirlwind that deforms  
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.  
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.*

The

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

*First*, What we fear may not come to pass : No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may, by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtile project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place, we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices, which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side, will infallibly destroy us.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 615.

## APPARITIONS.

**A**T a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them, seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation,



creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which reason, (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler, desir'd me with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sun set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits, by a spirit that appear'd to him in the shape of a black horse without an head: To which he added, that about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes, that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scatter'd up and down on every side, and half cover'd with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance until the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places: There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which,  
from

from time to time, are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable: These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her superannumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr Locke, in his chapter of the association of ideas, has very curious remarks to shew how by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind, a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: 'The ideas of goblins and sprights, have really no more to do with darkness than light. Yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more hear the one than the other.' As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle, might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My

My friend, Sir Roger, has often told me, with a good deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night. That the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother, ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exercised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres, much more reasonable, than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance  
of

of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain, that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions, that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies one after another; and that these surfaces, or thin cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper, with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself, as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here  
set

set  
dang  
her t  
who  
passio  
his fo  
had a  
that  
her,  
derne  
she ex  
her af  
he, t  
wome  
husba  
by the  
far, a  
that i  
man v  
his bre  
loves,  
and m  
this dr  
and di  
not be  
of tho  
serves  
certain  
of divi  
facts in  
himself  
Vo

set down in his own words. Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelans, after the death of her two first husbands, (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of a dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness, who in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, reproached her after the following manner : Glaphyra, says he, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have I not children by thee ? How couldst thou forget our loves so far, as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third ; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother ? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever. Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place wherein I spake of those Kings : Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the

belief of others, who, by instances of this nature, are excited to the study of virtue.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 110. L.

### APPEARANCES.

**C**HREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see, was, to appearance, an old fordid blind man; but, upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which, Jupiter considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to strole about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed with him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was *Poverty*. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not

only



only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty*, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences would be driven out with her; and that, if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life which make riches desirable. She likewise represented to him, the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his sight, and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of *Æsculapius*, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and begun to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and, at the same time, by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till, in the last act, *Mercury* descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonstrance, that

Since this late innovation, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who, in the beginning of the play, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and instal him in the place of Jupiter.

This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points, first as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth, and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 464. C.

### APPETITES.

**I** AM now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and, having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life: But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it, from a fond opinion that some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I  
am

am now as vain in my dress, and as slipshod if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country; if I had laid out that which I profused in luxury, and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and, instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues, which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not, but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture, you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient; the beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into an humorist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting, that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing.

ing. Thus he is in the space of ten or fifteen years, surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends: But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of, with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions. Thus a crazy constitution, and an uneasy mind, is fretted with vexatious passions; for young men doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I condemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant, only the memory of good and worthy actions, is a feast which must give a quicker relish to the soul, than ever it could possibly taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great chair, and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some ladies of my acquaintance, and my

my years, may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season, and that my old friend Jack Taudry may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of a strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I thought a very mean one till of very late years, I should have no one great satisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of March 1714, and all my securities are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pounds.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble servant,*

JACK AFTERDAY.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 260. T.

Nature has implanted in us two very strong desires, hunger for the preservation of the individual, and lust for the support of the species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own persons, and the latter to introduce others into the world. According as men behave themselves with regard to these appetites, they are above or below the beasts of the field which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reasonable creatures correct these incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendship and society. It is chiefly from this homely foundation, that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation

cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasures, and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best entertain his friend or divert his mistress: Nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no other instances shew so true a taste of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of, before I have provided for the numberless croud of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject therefore of the present paper, shall be that part of society which owes its beginning to the common necessity of hunger. When this is considered as the support of our being, we may take in, under the same head, thirst also, otherwise, when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to chearfulness and refreshment: And these certainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food and sincerity in the company. By this rule, are in the first place excluded from pretence to happiness, all meals of state and ceremony which are performed in dumb show and greedy fullness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending with as good habits



habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast : For, if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators, or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous side-board, to an ingenuous eye, has often more the air of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull or too merry to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man, but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purposes of it. If there be any truth in this, the expence of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable, and placing much thought, either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise and riot at it, are both, though not equally unaccountable. I have often consider'd these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the eaters and the swallowers. The eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite : The swallowers hurry themselves out of both,

both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of dozers. The dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them: Nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness, who are beholding to saucers for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at present; so many men of wit and spirit, as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in human society, are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time capable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects, but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though

mens

mens  
give  
ment  
will  
mean  
grees

It  
upon  
most  
wit:  
made  
their  
than  
leads  
thing  
South  
mirab  
preach  
greater  
fures  
greater  
were  
ever  
gentle  
ties be  
fession  
being  
thor,  
any m  
ability

mens fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepositions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topicks are to be touched upon in the light, we mean only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: For these discourses are to be made, if made to run into example, before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into his way of thinking is, that the last thing I read, was a sermon of the learned Dr South, upon the ways of pleasantness. This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man, not to believe the greatest argument in that place, against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit and wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profession. Happy genius! He is a better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author, is to quote him; and I think I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole

whole discourse I speak of, below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds.

“ An ennobling property of it is, That it is  
 “ such a pleasure as never fatiates or wearies;  
 “ for it properly affects the spirit, and a spirit  
 “ feels no weariness, as being privileged from  
 “ the causes of it. But can the epicure say so  
 “ of any of the pleasures that he so much doats  
 “ upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy,  
 “ and, after a few minutes refreshment, deter-  
 “ mine in loathing and unquietness. How short  
 “ is the interval between a pleasure and a bur-  
 “ den? How undiscernable the transition from  
 “ one to the other? Pleasure dwells no longer  
 “ upon the appetite than the necessities of na-  
 “ ture, which are quickly and easily provided  
 “ for, and then all that follows is a load and an  
 “ oppression. Every morsel to a satisfy’d hun-  
 “ ger, is only a new labour to a tired digestion:  
 “ Every draught to him that has quenched his  
 “ thirst, is but a further quenching of nature,  
 “ and a provision for rheum and diseases; a  
 “ drowning of the quickness and activity of the  
 “ spirits.

“ He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his  
 “ time as well as his other conveniencies to his  
 “ luxury, how quickly does he outsit his plea-  
 “ sures? And then how is all the following  
 “ time

“ t  
 “ U  
 “ in  
 “ th  
 “ m  
 “ lie  
 “ fle  
 “ ac  
 “ ac  
 “ pa  
 “ tw  
 “ dr  
 “ w  
 “ co  
 “ of  
 “ lat  
 “ wi  
 “ fel

I Ha  
 cor  
 delive  
 up in  
 sent h  
 among  
 ambiti  
 much  
 charac  
 verfal  
 Vo

"time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit?  
 "Until at length, after a long fatigue of eat-  
 "ing, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes  
 "the great work of dining genteely, and so  
 "makes a shift to rise from table, that he may  
 "lie down upon his bed; where, after he has  
 "slept himself into some use of himself, by much  
 "ado, he staggers to his table again, and there  
 "acts over the same brutish scene: So that he  
 "passes his whole life in a dozed condition, be-  
 "tween sleeping and waking, with a kind of  
 "drowziness and confusion upon his senses,  
 "which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to  
 "conceive: All that is of it dwells upon the tip  
 "of his tongue, and within the compass of his pa-  
 "late. A worthy prize for a man to purchase  
 "with the loss of his time, his reason, and him-  
 "self."

TATTLER, Vol. IV. No. 205.

### APPLAUSE.

**I** Have often wondered, that the Jews should  
 contrive such a worthless greatness for the  
 deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him  
 up in external pomp and pageantry, and repre-  
 sent him to their imagination, as making havock  
 amongst his creatures, and acted with the poor  
 ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How  
 much more illustrious doth he appear in his real  
 character, when considered as the author of uni-  
 versal benevolence among men, as refining our

VOL. I.

N

passions,

passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur, wherein the Jews made the glory of the Messiah to consist.

Nothing (says Longinus) can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind, to condemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up.

We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little  
minds



minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-ways of life. The evening's walk of a wise man, is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue; are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us, are often looked upon with pity, and contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time, when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great and illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by Gyges who was the happiest man, replied, Aglaüs. Gyges, who ex-

pected to have heard himself named upon this occasion, was much surpris'd, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much enquiry he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story, shall close this day's speculation.

*Thus Aglaüs, (a man unknown to men)  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then;  
Thus liv'd obscurely then, without a name,  
Aglaüs now consign'd t' eternal fame:  
For Gyges, the rich King, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wife Apollo's delphick seat,  
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,  
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?  
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such King as he:  
And true it was, through the whole earth around,  
No King of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero, of that name alive?  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is is some mighty Gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?  
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:  
None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs be?  
After long search, and vain enquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,*

(T/h

*(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Sopho's town, (which he but once had seen)  
This Aglaïs, who monarch's envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods flood witness to;  
This mighty Aglaïs was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.*

*So gracious God, (if it may lawful be,  
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)  
So let me act on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age;  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet part, let my tofs'd vessel gain;  
Of heav'nly rest, this earnest to me lend,  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 610.

## ARCADIAN.

**H**AVING conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead, I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks, whereby he may discover, whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover, that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can

come from them. Nevertheless, we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world, before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined: For all men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way, (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference: Men who, by long study and experience, have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, and surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind; and though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus, a courtly lover may say to his mistress,

*With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
Where never human foot the ground hath prest;  
Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,  
And from a desert banish solitude.*

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply.

*Come,*

S P

*Com  
Wha*

*Ag  
deep  
late  
ther  
one  
that*

*Of  
Whi  
And  
For*

*As  
man  
mistr*

*As  
Fon  
The  
Yet*

*If  
it is  
seem  
lowi  
The*

*Fa  
If  
Sho  
The*

*Come, Rosalind, Oh! come, for without thee,  
What pleasure can the country have for me?*

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, Corydon tells Alexis, that he is the finest songster of the country.

*Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,  
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave;  
And said, this, Corydon, I leave to thee,  
For only thou deserv'st it after me.*

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner, a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him.

*As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay;  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.*

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus.

*Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,  
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why  
Shou'd liquid fountains flatter us, yet show  
The bordering flow'rs less beauteous than they  
grow?*

A second characteristic of a true shepherd, is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule, than by the following example of a swain, who found his mistress asleep.

*Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;  
I smooth'd her coats and stole a silent kiss,  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.*

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition, is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old: Our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus, sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe, with great pleasure, that our English author of the

the p  
secre

I v  
obser  
which  
and n  
of pr  
milit  
der, v  
and v  
only t  
piece  
stile,  
the ob

The  
Eter

H  
wards  
natur  
compl  
prospe  
the be  
some  
has a  
to pro  
nation



the pastorals I have quoted, hath practised this secret with admirable judgement.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition; I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless, and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar stile, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus, the old wish, *God rest his soul*, is finely turned.

*The gentle Sidney lov'd the shepherd's friend,  
Eternal blessings on his shade attend.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 23.

## ARCHITECTURE.

HAVING already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and compleat each other, in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the subject of  
this

this discourse. The art I mean, is that of architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing speculations have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which the great masters of architecture have laid down, and explained at large, in numberless treatises upon that subject.

Greatness in the works of architecture, may be considered as relating to the bulk and body of the structure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the ancients, especially among the eastern nations of the world, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the tower of Babel, of which an old author says, there were the foundations to be seen in this time, which looked like a spacious mountain. What could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile high, by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory, I might here, likewise, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the smaller rocks that lay by it, in the shape of tributary Kings; the prodigious basin or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches, through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous, but

but I  
picion  
among  
many  
times,  
been m  
tremel  
rage, v  
hands  
few tr  
and fe  
of spec  
all the  
he wer  
whole  
her th  
power  
wonde  
turned  
accomp  
digious  
her cl  
frosts  
worku  
tion to  
histori  
bitume  
doubtl  
writ,  
Slime

but I cannot find any ground for such a suspicion, unless it be, that we have no such works among us at present. There were, indeed, many greater advantages for building in those times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of hands than agriculture. There were, indeed, few trades to employ the busy part of mankind, and fewer arts and sciences to give work to men of speculative tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute, so that when he went to war, he put himself at the head of a whole people: As we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies, 'tis no wonder, therefore, when she was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that she could accomplish so great works, with such a prodigious multitude of labourers: Besides, that in her climate, there was small interruption of frosts and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in holy writ, as contributing to the structure of Babel. Slime they used instead of mortar.

In

In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them, and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider greatness of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a  
man

man v  
maje  
statue  
life, th  
had it  
cordin  
in one

Let  
he find  
Panthe  
filled w  
at the  
tion, h  
cathedr  
other;  
greatne  
meanne

I hav  
a Frenc  
it is in  
and mo  
reader v  
made us  
' which  
' it proc  
' fices,  
' ficient,  
' son is f  
' troduc  
' ner, w  
' of the  
VOL.

man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lycippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phydias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself, at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author, which very much pleased me; it is in Monsieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. 'I am observing (says he) a thing, 'which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence 'it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may

VOL. I. O ' consist

' consist of but few parts, that they be all great  
 ' and of a bold and ample relieve and swelling;  
 ' and that the eye beholding nothing little and  
 ' mean, the imagination may be more vigorously  
 ' touched and affected with the work that stands  
 ' before it. For example, in a cornice, if the  
 ' gola or cynatium of the corona, the coping, the  
 ' modillions or dentelli, make a noble show by  
 ' their graceful projections, if we see none of  
 ' that ordinary confusion which is the result of  
 ' those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal,  
 ' and I know not how many other intermingled  
 ' particulars, which produce no effect  
 ' in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably  
 ' take up place to the prejudice of the principal member,  
 ' it is most certain, that this manner will appear solemn and great;  
 ' as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and  
 ' mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those  
 ' smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles  
 ' of sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed  
 ' together, that the whole will appear but a confusion.'

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings, which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason

S  
 son  
 nera  
 other  
 dies,  
 the s  
 split  
 unifo  
 kind.  
 eye h  
 and a  
 The i  
 the fig  
 gather  
 ferenc  
 in but  
 square  
 differe  
 ward  
 finitely  
 air, an  
 what  
 figure.  
 tribute  
 to its b  
 the son  
 ' and p  
 ' is in i  
 ' with  
 ' most  
 Havin  
 affects



son I take to be, because in those figures we generally see more of the body, than in those of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the surface; but as in such bodies the sight must split upon several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of a dome, your eye half surrounds it; look up into the inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of it. The intire concavity falls into your eye at once, the sight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference. In a square pillar, the sight often takes in but a fourth part of the surface, and, in a square concave, must move up and down to the different sides, before it is master of all the inward surface. For this reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air, and skies that passes through an arch, than what comes through a square, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of Sirach: 'Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightness; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the most high have bended it.'

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next

shew the pleasure that rises in the imagination, from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view, than of that which I have hitherto considered. I shall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it; it is sufficient for my present purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 415. C.

### ARGUMENTS.

**A**VOID disputes as much as possible, in order to appear easy and well bred in conversation. You may assure yourself, that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve, than to contradict, the notions of another; but, if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: You were never positive, and are now glad to be better

better  
the Sc  
scarce  
in an  
deavo  
pinion  
desire

In c  
ficult,  
please  
just or  
becau

terests

tain th

it is in

he has

you, a

yourself

fairly,

you all

adversa

tend fo

lay dow

cannot

tagonist

falling i

When

reasons

violence

It is y

because

better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper, which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another, because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man, because he does not apprehend the force of your

reasons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier, he is certainly, in all respects, an object of your pity, rather than anger; and, if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, That, among your equals, no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find, is not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for, if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot, in this place, omit an observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject, with giving you one caution; when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far, it is sufficient to let the company

pany  
but t

**I**N  
and  
sults  
beauti  
one p  
an am  
stars,  
perpet  
pects,  
underf

Th  
painted  
rations  
hemisp  
at noon  
in the  
scenes.

Whe  
it is a s  
course  
venly be  
mena th  
pose to  
wisdom  
affront

pany and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 197. X.

## ASTRONOMY.

**I**N fair weather, when my head is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightening, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the fable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious guildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope  
it

it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to set out his play, without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet, how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize?

How many fox-hunters and rural 'Squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man, who unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep,

asleep  
place  
tainn  
push-

Wi  
the g  
meteo  
of the  
that  
which

A T

future  
itself,  
man of  
thing  
human  
that I  
writers  
the exp  
the bein  
that it  
and suc  
ject, in  
If we lo  
infidels,



asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 169.

## A T H E I S M.

**A**THEISM, by which I mean a disbelief of a supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of  
pride,

pride, spleen, and cavi: It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 381. I.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Plato's and Cicero's among the ancients, the Bacons, the Boyles, and the Locks, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the divines, however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in the case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is, not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think

think  
from  
that  
with  
obviou  
of rea  
cities;  
to us  
first m

The  
ever of  
been fo  
genera  
search  
a nation  
the Ho

I dar  
of the  
who ar  
brutes;  
confuse  
stood by

It is  
the Athe  
and allie

If we  
may nov  
phers th

Thou  
son, be  
manner

think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons; either that the idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the mind itself; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of Atheists. I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes; having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined, how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely

entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short; even Vanini, the most celebrated champion for the cause; professed before his judges, that he believed the existence of a God, and, taking up a straw, which lay before him on the ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several arguments to prove, that it was impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of Casimir Lyfzynsky, a gentleman of Poland, who was convicted and executed for this crime; the manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes was put into a cannon, and shot into the air, towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe, that, if something like this method of punishment should prevail in England, such is the natural good sense of the British

S  
tish  
who  
dels  
man  
I  
nitio  
alwa  
towa  
shoot  
Hott  
In  
great  
low t  
tised  
somet  
his off  
Th  
mann  
of so a  
to ref  
having  
bly thi  
one do  
fairs, i  
own t  
culveri  
If an  
ed the  
I must  
soning  
shocks  
VOL

tish nation, that whether we ramm'd an Atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in Poland, we should not have many charges.

I should however propose, while our ammunition lasted, that instead of Tartary we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of Good Hope, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the Hottentots.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an Atheist, tho' I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so active a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and as one does not foresee the vicissitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a Demyculverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing

them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tendernefs, and should endeavour to shew them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 389. X.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation; I mean the zealots in Atheism. One would fancy, that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath



wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing; they are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these biggotted Infidels, supposing all the great

points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the morality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own, and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 186. C.

## AUTHORS.

**U**PON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part.

part. To begin with the writers, I have observed, that the author of a folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto; the author of a quarto, above the author of an octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week, I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes, which have already appeared; after which, I naturally jumped over the heads, not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in

Great Britain, that had written but one book. I am also informed, by my bookfeller, that six octavos has been always looked upon as an equivalent to a folio, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprized, if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself, that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the common wealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and book-fellers take the wall of one another, according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor, in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above squires, this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural squires, whose reading does  
not

not rise so high as to the *Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency, which, by the laws of their country, is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons, who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions, by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always take place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh, are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment, give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, *once a King, and always a King*. For this reason, it would be thought very absurd in Mr Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting women and maids of honour  
upon

upon the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before comic writers. Those who deal in tragi-comedy, usually take their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets; Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former, but Mr Dryden and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 529. O.

SIR,

**O**F all the precautions with which you have instructed the world, I like that best which is upon natural and phantastical pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfactions in others, so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life, by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe who write for  
their



their daily bread, I flourish in a dearth of foreign news, and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the British Isle by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters, according as my necessities suggest to me; I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid.

When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my spirits, and have my apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From November last to January, I lived solely upon murders, and have since that time had a comfortable subsistence from a plague and a famine; I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton last Lent, out of pure spite to the Romish religion, and, at present, my good friend the King of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the Mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

The astonishing accounts that I record, I usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embellishments. They administer to the curiosity of my fellow subjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myself an useless

less burden upon earth, and that I may still do the more good in my generation, I shall give the world in a short time an history of my life, studies, maxims and atchievements, provided my bookseller advances a round sum for my copy. I am, &c.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 58.

### A V A R I C E.

**M**OST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original, either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury; and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow, who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in Mr Dryden's translation.

*Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,  
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap.  
Up, up, says AVARICE; thou snor'st again,  
Stretchest thy limbs and yawn'st, but all in vain.*

*The*

*The rugged tyrant no denial takes ;  
 At his command t'is unwilling sluggard wakes.  
 What must I do ? he cries, What ? says his lord ;  
 Why rise, make ready, and go strait aboard :  
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight,  
 Flax, castor coan wines, the precious weight  
 Of pepper, and sabean incense take,  
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back, }  
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
 Be sure to turn the penny, lie and swear,  
 'Tis wholesome sin, but Jove, thou say'st will hear.  
 Swear, fool, or starve ; for the dilemma's even,  
 A tradesman thou, and hope to go to heav'n.  
 Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his burden on his back.  
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,  
 That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd Luxury.  
 And he may ask this civil question: Friend,  
 What dost thou make on ship-board ? To what end ?  
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free,  
 Stark staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the  
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid, (sea ?  
 On a brown george with lousy swabbers fed.  
 Dead wine that stinks of the borachio, sup  
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup ?  
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more ?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give,  
 For not to live at ease, is not to live.  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour,  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.*

*Live*

*Live while thou liv'st, for death will make us all  
A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.  
Speak, wilt thou avarice or pleasure choose ?  
To be thy lord ? Take one, and one refuse.*

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and, as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them, upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness or corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices, of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice: And accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor; and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession,

possession  
and a  
riches

As  
of the  
not fo  
kind o  
presen

The  
gaged  
The m  
second  
no les  
of ma  
him,  
Mirth  
wife v  
served  
fulness  
who v  
someth  
privy-  
ducted  
antago  
advise  
and m  
measur  
his fig  
thus co  
very va  
and Av  
V

possession, which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: The name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them, was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness. He had likewise a privy-counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: The name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was intirely guided by the dictates and advise of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various: Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family

would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties: Nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war, in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this, Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty, the first minister of his antagonist, to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, That each of them should immediately dismiss his private counsellor.

S

cou  
towa  
acco  
they  
feder  
conqu  
reason  
king  
the fa  
shall o  
counse  
Luxur  
promp

**O**NE  
nin  
own na  
Francis  
man, by  
pass of  
amassed  
we cannot  
capacity  
vealed in  
fied with  
of science  
one man i  
therefore,



counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inasmuch, that, for the future, they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that, since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 55. C.

### BACON, (*Sir Francis.*)

ONE of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seems to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracts of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These therefore, he could only mark down, like im-

Q2

perfect

perfect coastings in maps, or supposed points of land to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 554.

Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country, I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of stile, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked, in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy, makes a good believer; and that a sinattering in it, naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels, as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith, as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal

S

princi  
that

This

wards

it, th

honou

ed up

time t

the gr

fliction

we fee

ty, his

kind,

the mi

had do

leave t

title of

papers,

to furn

more fu

*A Prayer*

“*Mor*

ther; fu

deemer,

foundest

all hear

heart; t

dereft me

principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards the servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him: But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title of it, as it was found amongst his Lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

*A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my LORD BACON, Chancellor of England.*

“ Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest mens thoughts and doings as in a balance;

Q 3

thou

thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of thy church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. The vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed, have been precious in mine eyes: I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more: I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my strength! I have, since my youth, met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions,

com  
and  
favo  
corre  
me,  
were  
pierc  
men,  
thee.  
and h  
hath l  
ing k  
school  
thy ju  
more i  
have n  
are the  
all thes  
innume  
am deb  
gifts an  
a napkin  
where i  
pent it i  
may tru  
the cour  
me, O  
receive r  
ways."

compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections, so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me: And when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a child. Just are thy judgements upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea; but have no proportion to thy mercies. For what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers, where it might have made best profit; but mispent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 267.

BANKRUPTCY.

## BANKRUPTCY.

**O**TWAY, in his tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men, hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier.

*I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:  
The sons of public rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the sentence of the law,  
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:  
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,  
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.  
There was another making villainous jests  
At thy undoing: He had ta'en possession  
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,  
Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold.  
The very bed, which on thy wedding night  
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,  
The scene of all thy joys, was violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
And thrown amongst the common lumber.*

Nothing



Nothing indeed, can be more unhappy, than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessities of life, his pretence to food itself at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries, instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are those who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, oeconomy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are

of

of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic, is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expence of rewarding those by whose means the effects of all his labour was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased; and all this usually done not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason, all wise law-givers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only injured persons, but also that to bear it no longer, would be a means to make the offender injure others before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such  
would

wou  
fible  
have  
pow  
This  
life,  
They  
cauti  
one v  
life r  
want  
any k  
thing  
born  
treme  
has no  
which  
gospel  
mined  
what  
man,  
the pu  
disposi  
torme  
and ch  
ted w  
such w  
but m  
are to  
we hop  
not bu

would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful, when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man they destroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice. Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy, has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity, but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man, that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they effect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight, a letter from  
an

an eniment citizen who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

S I R,

**I**T is in vain to multiply words, and make apologies, for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you. You have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason as well as kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did, when we were nearer to an equality. As all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion  
in

in  
ty.  
with  
the  
noth  
for,  
us ac  
are v  
way  
good  
flowe

Th  
did no  
ness in

Dea

**I** A M  
enc  
assure y  
ly at al  
which  
what ha  
only co  
ance fo  
consider  
years. Y  
I have f  
opportu  
Vox

in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty. The rich can make rich without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them: How this is to be accounted for, I know not; but mens estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

*I am, Sir, &c.*

This was answered with a condescension that did not by long impertinent professions of kindness insult his distress, but was as follows.

*Dear TOM,*

**I** AM very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time: I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished (in the gifts of nature, for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accomodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you. For I do not

VOL. I.

R

care

care whether they say of me, after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

*Your obliged, &c.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 456. T.

## BATH.

**I**N public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who, having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where the season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St Winefred's well, wherein I could observe, that a concern for honour and virtue, proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudofia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude, ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes, and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions

S  
tion  
phy  
bod  
ones  
of r  
ther  
It w  
son,  
cade  
comp  
pulled  
cover  
little  
of all  
of the  
the fa  
myself  
ground  
what  
creatur  
those sp  
fringes,  
fancy w  
tinctions  
and wh  
given oc  
tions, to  
Salmacis  
two sexe  
wherein  
flowed ho



tions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common place strokes of rallery, I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person, as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure, I much covet, of being alone in a croud. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixt mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself, by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats, and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and falbullows. From the earth, my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself, when she bestowed horns on Acteon: But by one of a seri-

ous turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and, after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputation, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, till he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men, but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that

that  
I see  
I re  
phil  
I lan  
regin  
nanc  
of a c  
tion  
with  
morta  
short,  
shoul  
means  
minds  
little a  
since t  
come a  
the les  
Upon  
in these  
great pl  
men eng  
upon pr  
acquire  
lordly c  
such con  
minds,  
Their n  
easily un  
when I f

that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council-board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants, furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which, at the same time, enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions, since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty country-women engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near that lordly creature, man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain-lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her

children with as little concern as a Spartan or Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath, I might urge, that the casting of a die, is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied that the gamester-ladies have surmounted the little vanities of showing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood, which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The water poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some four critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath,

S  
Bat  
no  
up i  
perf  
as m  
The  
met  
' in  
' fou  
' pai  
The  
a ver  
that  
Bath  
Th  
very  
men  
of m  
They  
A lea  
somet  
spirits  
liven  
for my  
scurvy  
gratis  
cline t  
in the  
me a d  
ed him  
took p

Bath, were mere Alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapt up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, *viz.* 'The lover is inflamed  
' in the water; or, he finds his death where he  
' sought his cure: Or, the nymph feels her own  
' pain, without regarding her lover's torment.'  
These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe that I was cured in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and, the next morning, I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and a recipe for the dropsy *gratis* before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him freely, that I never took physick. My landlord hereupon took me  
for

for an Italian merchant, that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such enquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, the noble and the rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr Tompion gave a clock to the Bath, and I, Nestor Ironside, have dedicated a Guardian.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 174.

## BEARDS.

**W**HEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger, in Westminster-Abbey, I observed, that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me, if I did not think that our fore-fathers looked much wiser in their beards, than we do without them. For my part, says he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear

S

for  
and  
idle

you  
as w  
bear  
hang  
comm  
deav  
digni  
under  
of wh

I f  
part  
tamor  
partic

The  
friend  
upon a  
once,

endeav  
represe  
fessorsh  
by the

Ælia  
ed critic  
and the  
before  
long bea  
no hair  
close sha



forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The knight added, if I could recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once, rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zolius, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us, that this Zolius had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of  
his

his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the Popes refused to accept an edition of a Saint's works, which were presented to him, because the Saint, in his effigies before the books, was drawn without a beard.

We see, by these instances, what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgement, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us, that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompence them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under

S

und  
from  
differ  
to ha  
ous  
the fi  
ner;  
be qu  
duce  
of the  
dimer  
more  
I fu  
in the  
Dur  
which  
passed  
doubt  
hastra

His  
Bot  
In a  
A/j  
The  
The

The  
us after  
subject

under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns, under different shapes. The last effort it made, seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Poole, and Bishop Gardiner; though at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the first.

During the civil wars, there appeared one which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras; an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines.

*His tawny beard was th' equal grace,  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tyle,  
A sudden view, it would beguile:  
The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether orange mixt with grey.*

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having

ving discussed it at large in a distinct treatise which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size, Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and perriwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 331. X.

## BEAUTY.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne: The former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn, Lætitia has

S  
has  
thing  
and  
than  
The  
her  
all w  
was  
ever  
acqu  
the w  
her si  
to in  
discon  
good  
cessity  
to say  
listened  
in the  
before  
say. T  
and La  
is an ag  
has stud  
ing of  
depende  
somethi  
disconfo  
appears  
gentlem  
and beca  
VOL

has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it, but the good sense of it; and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she had communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate; Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such,

that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Latitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister; insomuch, that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but 'as handsome as Latitia.'---She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Latitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Latitia, and charmed with repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her, he hoped she would be pleased with: 'Faith, Daphne,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely'. The manner of his declaring himself, gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.---'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's.

S  
Daph  
her  
prem  
argu  
of ou  
sons,  
upon  
work  
in th  
comm  
letter  
almo  
"N  
of his  
a han  
of her  
lery i  
very  
passion  
it as h  
that a  
serve i  
the se  
contra  
vended  
gentle  
South  
of May  
ceipt o  
I have  
after e



Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer, her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfection of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular. for which reason, I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter, to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

“ Monsieur de St Evremont has concluded one of his essays, with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman, are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this rallery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is, that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps, and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman, of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a

course of travels into most countries in Europe, owe their first raising of his fortune to a cosmetic wash.

This has given me occasion to consider, how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature, helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, *viz.*

That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

And, That what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty, consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable

commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty? That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any

excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

*Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye ;  
In all her gestures, dignity and love !*

Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph, written by Ben Johnson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire, but such an object as I have been describing :

*Underneath this stone doth lie,  
As much virtue as cou'd die ;  
Which, when alive, did vigour give,  
To as much beauty as cou'd live."*

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 33. R.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty. The latter is the peculiar

liar p  
fair,  
excel  
too c  
is an  
less o  
ment  
terest  
ing t  
desira  
wom  
a virt

T  
which  
nature  
matte  
bodies  
somet  
templ  
mean,  
the un  
is only  
life ar  
If w  
which  
subject

liar portion of that sex, which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay, so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 302. T.

## BEINGS.

**T**HOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean, that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still methinks something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean, all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe. The world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and enquiries, it is  
amazing

amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: Every green leaf swarms with inhabitants: There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the *Plurality of Worlds*, draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence

Ex  
which  
mann  
farthe  
are co  
we fin  
observ  
sis and  
more c  
istence

Infin  
ture,  
of exist  
ing. A  
ten pur  
enlarge  
of the s  
knowle

Then  
raised b  
only tha  
in the fa  
face of f  
their bei  
grow. T  
remove f  
besides t  
an additi  
and other  
by what  
vances th



Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself; I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste; others have still an additional one of hearing, others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species,  
before

before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after all this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species, comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter; at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life, nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest could have enjoyed the happiness of existence, he has therefore specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures rising one over another, by  
such

such a  
fictions  
are al  
is so w  
scarce  
pear in  
the goo  
manife

Ther  
already  
deducib  
the scal  
so high  
suppose,  
those be  
him; fin  
room fo  
the sup  
and the  
of so gre  
rior to us  
us, is ma  
shall here  
notwith  
tween ma  
er to exer  
ever be fil  
finite gap  
ated being  
" That  
" ligent c

such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little trans-  
 sitions and deviations from one species to another  
 are almost insensible. This intermediate space  
 is so well husbanded and managed, that there is  
 scarce a degree of perception which does not ap-  
 pear in some one part of the world of life. Is  
 the goodness or wisdom of the divine Being more  
 manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence besides those I have  
 already mentioned, which seems very naturally  
 deducible from the foregoing considerations. If  
 the scale of being rises by such a regular progress,  
 so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason,  
 suppose, that it still proceeds gradually through  
 those beings which are of a superior nature to  
 him; since there is an infinitely greater space and  
 room for different degrees of perfection between  
 the supreme Being and man, than between man  
 and the most despicable insect. The consequence  
 of so great a variety of beings, which are supe-  
 rior to us, from that variety which is inferior to  
 us, is made by Mr Locke, in a passage which I  
 shall here set down, after having premised, that,  
 notwithstanding there is such infinite room be-  
 tween man and his Maker for the creative pow-  
 er to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should  
 ever be filled up, since there will be still an in-  
 finite gap or distance between the highest cre-  
 ated being, and the Power which produced him.

“ That there should be more species of intel-  
 “ ligent creatures above us, than there are of  
 “ sensible

“ sensible or material below us, is probable to  
 “ me from hence; that in all the visible cor-  
 “ poreal world, we see no chasms or no gaps.  
 “ All quite down from us, the descent is by  
 “ easy steps, and a continued series of things,  
 “ that in each remove differ very little one  
 “ from the other. There are fishes that have  
 “ wings, and are not strangers to the airy region,  
 “ and there are some birds that are inhabitants  
 “ of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes,  
 “ and their flesh so like in taste, that the scru-  
 “ pulous are allowed them on fish-days. There  
 “ are animals so near akin, both to birds and  
 “ beasts, that they are in the middle between  
 “ both. Amphibious creatures link the terref-  
 “ trial and aquatick together; seals live at land  
 “ and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood  
 “ and entrails of a hog, not to mention what is  
 “ confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men.  
 “ There are some brutes that seem to have as  
 “ much knowledge and reason, as some that are  
 “ called men; and the animal and vegetable king-  
 “ doms are so nearly joined, that if you will  
 “ take the lowest of one, and the highest of the  
 “ other, there will scarce be perceived any  
 “ great difference between them; and so on till  
 “ we come to the lowest and the most inorganical  
 “ parts of matter, we shall find every where  
 “ that the several species are linked together,  
 “ and differ but in almost insensible degrees.  
 “ And when we consider the infinite power and  
 wisdom

“ don  
 “ tha  
 “ of t  
 “ fruit  
 “ cies  
 “ asce  
 “ perf  
 “ from  
 “ we  
 “ ther  
 “ us,  
 “ gree  
 “ the i  
 “ the l  
 “ proa  
 “ those  
 “ ideas  
 In th  
 so wond  
 deserves  
 fills up t  
 intellect  
 world;  
 which ha  
 mundi.  
 ciated w  
 upon a b  
 and the l  
 may, in a  
 ‘ art my  
 ‘ mother

"dom of the Maker, we have reason to think,  
 "that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony  
 "of the universe, and the great design and in-  
 "finite goodness of the architect. That the spe-  
 "cies of creatures should also by gentle degrees,  
 "ascend upward from us toward his infinite  
 "perfection, as we see they gradually descend  
 "from us downward: Which, if it be probable,  
 "we have reason then to be persuaded, that  
 "there are far more species of creatures above  
 "us, than there are beneath; we being in de-  
 "grees of perfection, much more remote from  
 "the infinite being of God, than we are from  
 "the lowest state of being, and that which ap-  
 "proaches nearest to nothing. And yet, of all  
 "those distinct species, we have no clear distinct  
 "ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature  
 so wonderful in its nature, and which so much  
 deserves our particular attention, as man, who  
 fills up the middle space between the animal and  
 intellectual nature, the visible and invisible  
 world; and is that link in the chain of beings,  
 which has been often termed, the *nexus utriusque*  
*mundi*. So that he who, in one respect, is asso-  
 ciated with angels and archangels, may look  
 upon a being of infinite perfection as his father,  
 and the highest order of spirits as his brethren,  
 may, in another respect, say to corruption, 'Thou  
 art my father, and to the worm, thou art my  
 mother and my sister.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 519. O.

VOL. I.

T

BILLS

*BILLS of Mortality.*

**U**PON taking my seat in a coffee-house, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time that perhaps the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find I have been sometimes taken, on this occasion, for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence, to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity: I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature, and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper: A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a supreme Being, give any possible account for that

nice

S  
nice  
city,  
habit  
and t  
world  
mann  
and d  
equal  
hold t  
not ce  
should  
tudes,  
We s  
as Flor  
males;  
may ex  
living c  
world a  
corps,  
have be  
in so w  
bably a  
of time.  
tality of  
ones of e  
I could  
mountain  
be of tha  
works?  
I have  
church, v  
nice



nice proportion which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females, who are brought into the world? What else could adjust, in so exact a manner, the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with multitudes, and at others, waste away into a desert. We should be some times a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, a generation of males; and at others, a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quota's have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost, during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man, in the Romish church, who, upon reading these words in the

fifth chapter of Genesis: 'And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died, and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died, and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he died,' immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures, in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but, when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does; because we are sure, that some time or other, we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are, perhaps, characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom sooner or later we shall certainly resemble.

It

It  
few  
peru  
thoug  
who  
not p  
to a r  
langu

The  
essay  
most  
to mar  
and so  
way fr  
to the  
with th  
would  
life not  
is not t  
tentive  
he appr  
for ever  
siderati  
bitterne  
the crue

I am  
Antipha  
an hund  
sents the  
here tra  
grieved,

It is perhaps for the same kind of reason, that few books written in English have been so much perused, as Dr Sherlock's discourse upon death, though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life, that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it, word for word. "Be not grieved, says he, above measure for thy deceased friends;

friends; they are not dead, but have only finished that journey, which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception, in which they are all of them assembled, and, in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being."

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it, are called strangers and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of Sir John Chardin. That gentleman, after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in Persia and the eastern countries, are called by the name of caravansaries, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

"A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the King's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravansary. Having looked about for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations; he had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him, what was his business in that place? The Dervise told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was  
in

in w  
It ha  
the g  
mista  
possib  
from  
me le  
Who  
when  
ancest  
last pe  
his fat  
lodges  
it was  
will be  
young  
wife, a  
ten, a  
guests,

W H  
me a bo  
it, I ov  
and say  
What a  
gay out  
ingeniou

in was not a caravanfary, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himself paffed through the gallery during this debate, and, fmiling at the miftake of the Dervife, asked him, how he could poffibly be fo dull, as not to diftinguifh a palace from a caravanfary? Sir, fays the Dervife, give me leave to ask your Majefty a queftion or two? Who were the perfons that lodged in this houfe when it was firft built? The King replied, his anceftors. And who, fays the Dervife, was the laft perfon that lodged here? The King replied, his father. And who is it, fays the Dervife, that lodges here at prefent? The King told him, that it was he himfelf. And who, fays the Dervife, will be here after you? The King answered, the young Prince, his fon. Ah, Sir, faid the Dervife, a houfe that changes its inhabitants fo often, and receives fuch a perpetual fucceffion of guefts, is not a palace, but a caravanfary."

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 289. L.

### BLOCKHEADS.

**W**HEN I came to the coffee-houfe this evening, the man of the houfe delivered me a book very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whifper another, and fay, it was a fine thing to be a great fcholar. What a pretty book that is; it has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name

to

to it; the title of it, for the work is in Latin, is  
 ‘*Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm.*  
 ‘*M. Ortuinum, Gratium Volumina II. &c.*’  
 The epistles of the obscure writers to Ortuinus,  
 &c. The purpose of the work is signified in the  
 dedication, in very elegant language and fine  
 rallery. It seems this is a collection of letters  
 which some profound blockheads, who lived be-  
 fore our times, have written in honour of each  
 other; and for their mutual information in  
 each others absurdities. They are most of the  
 German nation, whence from time to time in-  
 undations of writers have flowed more pernici-  
 ous to the learned world, than the swarms of  
 Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is me-  
 thinks wonderful that fellows could be awake,  
 and utter such incoherent conceptions, and  
 converse with great gravity like learned men,  
 without the least taste of knowledge or good  
 sense. It would have been an endless labour to  
 have taken any other method of exposing such  
 impertinences, than by an edition of their own  
 works, where you see their follies, according  
 to the ambition of such virtuosi, in a most correct  
 edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I  
 could not but reflect upon the immense load of  
 writings which the commonality of scholars have  
 pushed into the world, and the absurdity of  
 parents, who educate crouds, to spend their  
 time in pursuit of such cold and sprightless en-  
 deavours,

S  
 deav  
 fore a  
 of th  
 was i  
 bours  
 pensit  
 in the  
 of and  
 are as  
 the fan  
 Thi  
 ceeds  
 ages,  
 imagin  
 first ap  
 the talk  
 it will  
 young  
 least pr  
 observe  
 others;  
 thing th  
 at what  
 runs int  
 treats o  
 added to  
 would  
 that ever  
 genius.  
 any emp  
 that he w



deavours, to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our contemporaries, except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age, to admire those of another, and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox, but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others; but with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by any empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition

we

we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies; his being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments, and, when he was hedged in by logical terms and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity; for which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society, would consider the terms upon which people meet in public places, in order to prevent the unseasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth, it was an humour at the university, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was a humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If, amongst us, on such an occasion, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As  
the

S

the  
no,  
anot  
the  
vanit

TI  
coura  
want  
allow  
such.

as cou  
a good  
minds  
in the  
patron  
work  
thinkin  
transpa  
lies, in  
facultie  
lead the

When  
ted into  
shall re  
and dra  
discours  
as woul  
be got to  
has a fan  
recite on  
ner, as

the matter now stands, whether a man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with, though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but to insult him.

There is no man will allow him, who wants courage, to be called a soldier; but men who want good sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with, and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts they make transparent flatterers, in camps ostentatious bullies, in colleges unintelligible pedants, and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgement, is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books, he shall quote and recite one author against another in such a manner, as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute

refute him, though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of that we call learning, is to enoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him, and Polyglottes, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother tongue, had been known only in Great Britain for a pedant.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 197.

### BLINDNESS.

**W**HILE others are busied in relations which concern the interests of Princes, the peace of nations, and the revolutions of empire, I think (though these are very great subjects) my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of Providence and Nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind, but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgements.

S  
judg  
to.re  
serva  
gentl  
29th  
twen  
This  
and th  
mann  
The  
the ey  
and re  
Caswe  
ly prob  
preven  
ance w  
or.curi  
and unc  
bled the  
being a  
the who  
be cure  
make hi  
of any t  
or the a  
their voi  
ther, b  
woman,  
sent. T  
skill and  
ceived th  
VOL.

judgements. It may not therefore be unuseful to relate many circumstances which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman, who was born blind, and, on the 29th of June last, received his sight at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner:

The operator, Mr Grant, having observed the eye of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations; among others, the reverend Mr Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight, all his acquaintance who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present, when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr Caswell, being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep secret, and let the patient make his own observations without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentleman, for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such

an extacy in his adion, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprize of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot, after which, he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and, observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, My son, my son! The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, Oh me! Are you my mother? and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him, but above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him, as he recovered, and he shewed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke, and called to him; till at last he broke out, What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy when you said, you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him.

He



He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, till he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr Caswell asked him, what sort of thing he took Tom to be, before he had seen him? He answered, he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature. The noise of this sudden change, made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the croud thickening, he desired Mr Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman smiling, answered him, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, till they had received strength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had, from little and little, come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving, and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which he said would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, till they were strong enough to bear the light, without so much feeling as he knew he underwent at present. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound, in which condition they kept him in a

dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without farther precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner, and accused all his friends, complaining that some incantation had been wrought upon him; and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they call sight. He added, that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present. At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the croud after he was couched, and would pretend to speak (in perplexed terms of his own making) of what he in that short time observed, but, on the sixth instant, it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly, as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his extacies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him, as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows.

Mr William, I am now taking the binding off, though, when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that (though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, yet) you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you

into

into  
innoc  
before  
what  
me e  
millio

Th  
am to  
have a  
am no  
when  
sweet  
ment  
if I an  
take fi  
ed mo  
paritio  
before  
undo n  
pull th  
you.  
assuran  
his per  
shewed  
had no  
his prot  
to see Y  
posed th  
quarrel  
like any

into a thousand passions, of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever; but before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love you always professed to me entered into your heart, for its usual admission is at the eyes.

The young man answered, Dear Lydia, if I am to lose by sight, the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice, if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love, when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or, if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, (which apparition it seems was you), pull out these eyes before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out if they are to make me forget you. Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances, and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he shewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears, and closed his protestation to her by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 55.

U 3

BOOKS.

## BOOKS.

**A**RISTOTLE tells us, that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas, which are in the mind of the first Being; and that those ideas which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

As the supreme Being has expressed, and, as it were, printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which, by this great invention of these latter ages, may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his poem on the resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the universe, has these admirable lines.

*Now all the wide extended sky,  
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,  
And Virgil's sacred works shall die.*

There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Books

are

S

are  
man  
gene  
post

A  
tinu  
few  
colou  
gelo,  
be w  
at pre  
tect,  
severa  
natur  
suppor

The  
vantag  
that t  
can ma  
ber th  
the or  
author  
but at  
advant  
finds gr  
fame.

gil or a  
were th  
picture,  
and ma  
If w  
from ag

are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a short time. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael, will hereafter be what Phidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles are at present; the names of great statuaries, architects, and painters, whose works are lost. The several arts are expressed in moulding materials, nature sinks under them, and is not capable to support the ideas which are impressed upon it.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this; that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they please; which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great author something like a prospect of eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an inestimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero or an Aristotle bear, were their works like a statue, a building, or a picture, or to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person?

If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time,

time, how careful should an author be of committing any thing to print, that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error? Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers, which breed an ill will towards their own species) to scatter infection, and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates, and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman Catholic authors who tell us, that vicious writers continue in purgatory, so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity. For purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious author, say they, sins after death; and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman Catholic notion of purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the soul, after death, has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the sense of cor-

rupting,

ruptin  
pleasur

To

tion, l  
an ath  
lay dar  
tance

him, w  
heavy

seduce  
evil inf

his dea  
tion, f

of despa  
told him

perate  
he was

cerely r  
the evil

ligion, a  
be for o

mischief  
curate,

told him

the evil

but that

was no

cause wa  
weak, th

of it; in  
book coul



rupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude this paper with the story of an atheistical author, who, at a time, when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring curate, confessed to him, with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart, than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings; and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate, upon farther examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief, when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book, but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt; that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak; that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it; in short, that he might rest satisfied, his book could do no more mischief after his death,  
than

than it had, done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his further satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular friends and acquaintance, had ever been at the pains of reading it; or that any body after his death would ever enquire after it. The dying man had still so much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations, and, without answering the good man, asked his friends about him, (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead; and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew, not questioning but he should be again sent for, if the sickness grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

*Added to the* SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 166. C.

*added to the* **BUSSY** *Part of the World.*

**M**ANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy, and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious, the vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are

in

in a state inferior to any one of these; all the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means, as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called, by Dr Tillotson, fools at large; they propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue, but will leave them with this short saying of Plato: 'That labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.'

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall therefore compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering and assiduity. Most men in their cool reasonings are willing to allow, that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply, but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First,

First, for Avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint, the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different christian graces and virtues, he may apply to himself a great part of St Paul's catalogue of sufferings: 'In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often; in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.'—At how much less expence might he lay up to himself treasures in Heaven, or, if I may in this place be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may provide such possessions as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself.

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own, that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal Wolsey's complaint: "Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

The

The  
specie  
as his  
that if  
been a  
the co  
ed its l

This  
sensual  
are hea  
at the f  
be advi  
lead a  
active a  
many c  
passions  
pains t  
joymen  
tween  
other,  
of exp  
sion, th  
vexatio  
lights th  
it so fil  
thought  
but in p  
from it.

The  
being, v  
or vice,  
VOL

The Cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of *serving his King*. Whereas his words in the proper construction imply, that if, instead of being acted by ambition, he had been acted by religion, he should have now felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, Let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet, when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight, under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions, let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, and the pangs of expectation; the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion, as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all this is, man is made an active being, whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties,

to prove his patience, and excite his industry; the same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly, as of virtue and wisdom. And he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 624.

### CALAMITIES.

**I**T is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term, which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men.

The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him, and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him

who

who  
incline  
weigh  
out an  
govern  
alted w  
imbecil  
get ho  
giddy v  
is the p  
turns hi  
not look  
sorrow,  
does bu  
contract  
by atten  
I happen  
which I  
him. H  
have look  
excellen  
to consist  
with a go  
bearing f  
undergoi  
the servic  
ficulties a  
to observe  
the high n  
calamities  
they atten



who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a tempered and well governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery, by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse, which I thought shewed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that, whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellency in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the

X 2

highest

highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases; when he won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition, we have no conception of superlative excellence or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life, sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: But instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die.

Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part  
with

with  
them  
know  
of plea  
tempt  
were t  
but he  
perity,  
in the  
his ang  
son of  
conditi

Tull  
gives u  
men of  
alleviat  
reason a  
to Rhoe  
philosop  
sick bed  
should n  
may, an  
entered  
which si  
discours  
distempe  
be as im  
I shall n

with them; and, when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind, which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain: Without this, the mind is as it were taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys in the worst of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition.

Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life, by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Posidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune, that he should not hear a discourse from him. But you may, answered Posidonius, and immediately entered into the point of Stoical philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled, and cried out, pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 312. T.

*CÆLIA, her History.*

**I**T is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only, as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict but chearful education to the care of an aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life, moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and less inclination, to be admired in public assemblies. Her abode has been for some years at a convenient distance from the cathedral of St Paul's, where her aunt and she chose to reside, for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion which gives extasy to the pleasures of innocence, and in some measure is the immediate possession of those heavenly enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a chearfulness, the constant companion of unaffected virtue; and a gladness, which is as inseparable from true piety. Her  
every

every  
resign  
beaute  
a mere  
though  
attracti  
when  
usual p  
man of  
ed, gen  
gentlem  
possesse  
uncle.  
after ha  
enough  
stances  
tegrity,  
profess  
present  
no way  
the lover  
entertain  
one day  
the midd  
piness he  
compani  
him, the  
he gaine  
Palamed  
ture, an  
one of t

every look and motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inhabitant that animated her beauteous body. Her air discovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in studying graces and attractions for her person: Such was Cælia when she was first seen by Palamede, at her usual place of worship. Palamede is a young man of two and twenty, well fashioned, learned, genteel and discreet; the son and heir of a gentleman of a very great estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with Cælia, and, after having learned her habitation, had address enough to communicate his passion and circumstances with such an air of good sense and integrity, as soon obtained permission to visit and profess his inclinations towards her. Palamede's present fortune and future expectations, were no way prejudicial to his addresses; but, after the lovers had passed some time in the agreeable entertainments of a successful courtship, Cælia one day took occasion to interrupt Palamede in the midst of a very pleasing discourse of the happiness he promised himself in so accomplished a companion, and assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede seemed much disturbed at the overture, and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident parents, who only place

place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of Cælia's rules of life, made her insist upon this demand; and the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the same of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one last week, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the morning, Cælia still sleeping.

It happened, a few days since, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted in her redundant fondness to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia, in an inner room, was reading an apology from her husband, that he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but

but the  
country  
not the  
answere  
town.

pected a  
go in an  
ed the w  
ed no les  
caused l  
upon pro  
happy y  
said to C  
tone, A  
Cælia re  
any othe  
stranger  
band: A  
of letter  
truth of  
nocence  
other as  
in love.  
ing and  
into this  
against,  
franger  
" Ma  
" mede  
" Winc  
" gain t



but that he should return in the evening. A country girl, decently clad, asked, if those were not the chambers of Mr Palamede? She was answered, they were, but that he was not in town. The stranger asked, when he was expected at home? The servant replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word *wife*, and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in Cælia, who caused her to be removed into the inner room, upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself; and said to Cælia, with an earnest and beseeching tone, Are you really Mr Palamede's wife? Cælia replies, I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the condition you see me. The stranger answered, no, Madam, he is my husband: At the same instant she threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow, made them look at each other as partners in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of Cælia's understanding and genius, gave her an authority to examine into this adventure, as if she had been offended against, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner:

"Madam, if it shall please you, Mr Palamede having an uncle of a good estate near Winchester, was bred at the school there, to gain the more his good will by being in his sight.

“ fight. His uncle died, and left him the estate,  
 “ which my husband now has. When he was  
 “ a mere youth, he set his affections on me;  
 “ but when he could not gain his ends, he mar-  
 “ ried me, making me and my mother, who  
 “ is a farmer’s widow, swear we would never  
 “ tell it upon any account whatsoever, for that  
 “ it would not look well for him to marry such  
 “ a one as me; besides, that his father would  
 “ cut him off of the estate. I was glad to have  
 “ him in an honest way, and he now and then  
 “ came and stayed a night and away at our  
 “ house. But very lately he came down to see us  
 “ with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who  
 “ stayed behind there with us, pretending to  
 “ like the place for the summer; but ever  
 “ since Master Palamede went, he has attempt-  
 “ ed to abuse me, and I ran hither to acquaint  
 “ him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions  
 “ of his false friend.”

Cælia had no farther room for doubt, but left her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening, and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia’s lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the sentiments of either the criminal or the injured at this encounter. As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage

marri-  
 riper  
 him n  
 return  
 receiv

Y O  
 n  
 air. I  
 hatred  
 nocenc  
 one to  
 How b  
 tion!  
 which  
 I am  
 creatur

I Have  
 blis  
 have fo  
 suing.  
 that I h  
 serve fu  
 discour  
 I am fu  
 tion the

marriage made in his nonnage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Calia. She made him no answer, but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter.

S I R,

**Y**OU who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say, but the infant which I bear about me stirs with my agitation. I am Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewel for ever.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 198.

### C A T O, *Tragedy of.*

**I** Have made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house, I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character

ter is moved by no consideration, but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word *public spirit*. All regards to his domestic, are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn, as having by this motive subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato, but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him, are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: The other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the principal. The conduct of the lovers (who are more warm though more discreet than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Caesar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great,

great,  
to ob  
only f  
death  
for al  
world  
per w  
his taf  
is an  
our yo  
that c  
do no  
ourselv  
the de  
is a po  
in a m  
Wen  
ther as  
ceed to  
charac  
is as w  
an idea  
not app  
in the r  
tween  
for an  
instruct  
against  
ill ends  
Juba se  
patience  
Vor

great, had received numberless wounds; I say to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon further trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice, that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax, which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African. And the scene between Juba and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which

are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination, to the accomplishments of the mind.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 33.

## CELIBACY.

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

**I** Who now write to you, am a woman loaded with injuries, and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind; and though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind, but have now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady, but methinks you have not in one speculation directly pointed at the partial freedom men take. The unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy, is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities



regularities of this nation. To shew you, Sir, that though you have never given us the catalogue of a lady's library as you promised, we read good books of our own choosing. I shall insert, on this occasion, a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman History. In the 44th page of the second volume, the author observes, that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole Equestrian order, and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former; but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr Spectator, he told the batchelors, "That their lives and actions had been  
 "so peculiar, that he knew not by what name  
 "to call them; not by that of men, for they  
 "performed nothing that was manly; not by  
 "that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the  
 "Roman name." Then proceeding to shew his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, "That their course  
 "of life was of such pernicious consequence to  
 "the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation,  
 "that he could not choose but tell them, that  
 "all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: For they were guilty of murder,  
 "in not suffering those to be born which should

"proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the  
 "names and honours of their ancestors to cease;  
 "and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind,  
 "which proceeded from the immortal gods and  
 "human nature, the principal thing consecrated  
 "to them: Therefore in this respect they dis-  
 "solved the government, in disobeying its laws;  
 "betrayed their country, by making it barren  
 "and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in  
 "depriving it of inhabitants. And he was  
 "sensible that all this proceeded not from any  
 "kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a loose-  
 "ness and wantonness, which ought never to  
 "be encouraged in any civil government."

There are no particulars dwelt upon, that let us  
 into the conduct of these young worthies whom  
 this great Emperor treated with so much justice  
 and indignation. But any one who observes  
 what passes in this town, may very well frame  
 to himself a notion of their riots and debauch-  
 eries all night, and their apparent preparations  
 for them all day. It is not to be doubted, but  
 these Romans never passed any of their time in-  
 nocently, but when they were asleep, and ne-  
 ver slept, but when they were weary and heavy  
 with excesses, and slept only to prepare them-  
 selves for the repetition of them. If you did  
 your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully  
 examine into the number of births, marriages,  
 and burials; and when you had deducted out  
 of your deaths, all such as went out of the  
 world

S  
 wo  
 ber  
 year  
 peop  
 or g  
 and  
 of th  
 to  
 tinifi  
 to yo  
 all o  
 amin  
 whic  
 dista  
 with  
 their  
 cency  
 the p  
 thing  
 ing u  
 gay g  
 is an  
 have  
 regul  
 keep  
 the g  
 less th  
 my ac  
 men o  
 below  
 ners,

world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past. You might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinisin; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulency in their own which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion, is returned with a countenance rebuked; but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency, to some flippant creature who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman, who stared at the same time, is an housekeeper; for you must know they have got into a humour of late, of being very regular in their sins, and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen, with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable housekeepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition, is imitated by all the world below them; and a general dissolution of manners, arises from this one source of libertinisin,

without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain, that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr Spectator, I must be free to own to you, that I myself suffer a tasteless, insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that by fining batchelors as Papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil societies. Lest you should think I speak this, as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition, not now three and twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have upon the upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss, when the lover takes to some new wench: A settlement is easily excepted against, and there is very little recourse

S  
reco  
but  
bloo  
is a  
be c  
not  
tato  
did  
whi  
whe  
way  
discl

A  
and f  
vails  
possib  
a gen  
repro  
ing th  
of our  
not d  
I h  
passag

recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr Spectator, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your spectatorial eye-sight; which I shall be a better judge of, when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of

*Sir, your most obedient, &c.*

RACHAEL WELLADAY.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 528. T.

## CENSURE.

**A** Good conscience is to the soul, what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counter-vails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical  
Knight

Knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and elogiums. Upon which, the gentleman makes this reflection to himself; how grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible 'tis a madman bestows them upon me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures passed upon us, are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgement of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth, and not censure; and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him, the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt

hur  
forti  
all th  
enga  
the t  
diffe  
him,

O  
tort  
disar  
that  
had t  
with  
to o  
inve  
suffie  
who  
pleas  
more  
body  
any n  
speak

In  
prod  
testif  
unde  
read  
solati  
are c  
pict  
"lid



hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues, which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They shew that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight: I who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them. Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

In these, and many other instances, I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus. "If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if

"so,

“so, reform thyself that his censures may not affect thee.” When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laught at his singing, Ay, says he, then I must learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense, than the two following ones of Plato: Being told that he had many enemies, who spoke ill of him, “’Tis no matter,” said he, ‘I’ll live so that none shall believe them.’ Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; ‘I am sure he would not do it,’ says he, ‘if he had not some reason for it.’ This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, a good conscience.

I designed, in this essay, to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessor of this excellent frame of mind; and that no person can be miserable, who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr South’s sermons, that I shall fill this paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man’s heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes

conclu  
cy in

‘ T  
‘ all o  
‘ most  
‘ time  
‘ oppo  
‘ wor  
‘ be j  
‘ to p  
‘ last  
‘ men  
‘ terr  
‘ life,  
‘ all t  
‘ wha  
‘ pass  
‘ app  
‘ he is  
‘ all t  
‘ spea  
‘ of c  
‘ poss  
‘ N  
‘ tem  
‘ and  
‘ to h  
‘ mer  
‘ him  
‘ mak

concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

‘ The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert itself, is at the time of death, which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and work of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God, at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagancies stript of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt, what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful judge, when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under Heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach but they cannot relieve him.

‘ No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him, and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy. No-  
‘ thing

‘ thing can then stand up against all these ruins,  
 ‘ and speak life in the midst of death, but a  
 ‘ clear conscience.

‘ And the testimony of that shall make the  
 ‘ comforts of Heaven descend upon his weary  
 ‘ head like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a  
 ‘ parched ground. It shall give him some live-  
 ‘ ly earnest and secret anticipations of his ap-  
 ‘ proaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of  
 ‘ the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with  
 ‘ confidence before saints and angels. Surely  
 ‘ the comfort which it conveys at this season, is  
 ‘ something bigger than the capacities of morta-  
 ‘ lity, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be  
 ‘ understood till it comes to be felt.

‘ And now, who would not quit all the pleasures,  
 ‘ and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate  
 ‘ the heart of man, and pursue the greatest ri-  
 ‘ gours of piety and austerities of a good life,  
 ‘ to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at  
 ‘ the hour of death, when all the friendship in  
 ‘ the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole  
 ‘ creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss  
 ‘ the soul and close his eyes, with that blessed  
 ‘ sentence, Well done, thou good and faith-  
 ‘ ful servant: Enter thou into the joy of thy  
 ‘ Lord?’

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 135.

CHAPLAIN.

## CHAPLAIN.

SIR,

I AM at present under very great difficulties which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your court of honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life: But, for not offering to rise at the second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: But, as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his Lordship had no further occasion for my service. All which, is humbly submitted to your consideration, by

*Sir, your most humble servant, &c.*

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweet-meats, to which, I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table, as soon as the most delicious parts of the

VOL. I.

Z

entertainment

entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plumb-pudding, or plumb-porridge, and that, because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweet-meats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and preserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the desert, was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify that we ought to flint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other mens tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired out of pure complaisance, to make room for the  
removal



removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the desert. This, by degrees, grew into a duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible, but in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tithe or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual, in old times, for the priest to feast upon the sacrifice; nay, the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late Lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner.

*And while the priest did eat the people stared.*

At present, the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily put the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask those stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the desert? And yet I cannot but think, that, in such a proceeding, he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic priest think, who is

always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweet-meats? Would he not believe, that he had the same antipathy to a candid orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the druid of the family. Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plumbs and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case, I know not which to censure, the patron or the chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons

persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

*Some think themselves exalted to the sky,  
If they light in some noble family:  
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,  
Besides th' advantage of his Lordship's ear.  
The credit of the business, and the state,  
Are things that in a young ster's sense sound great,  
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,  
What slavery he oft must undergo.  
What tho' in silken scarf and cassock drest,  
Wears but a gayer livery at best:  
When dinner calls, the implement must wait,  
With holy words to consecrate the meat,  
But hold it for a favour seldom known,  
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.  
Soon as the tarts appear; Sir Crape withdraw,  
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw;  
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand,  
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand;  
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,  
'Till the kind voider comes for your relief.  
Let others who such meanesses can brook,  
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look.  
I rate my freedom higher.*

This author's gallery is the gallery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule, but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

TATTLER, Vol. IV. No. 255.

### CHARITY.

**C**HARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less intitled to the reward of this virtue, than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way: I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and, if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 166.

CHARMS.

## CHARMS.

**T**HERE is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible. Good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters, and statuaries, under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations. It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 395. X.

## CHASTITY.

**B**UT as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become ridiculous: But in spite of all the gallery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of  
having

having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his Majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric, by telling him, that, since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that Prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, 'If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in Holy Writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) 'He knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat.' He was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress. But when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer: 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art  
'his

'h  
min  
ting  
mot  
with  
disap  
occa  
prae  
ther  
sexes  
to th  
chan  
chea  
dispo  
shuts  
cloud  
judic  
is con  
specie  
A  
thing  
of thi  
of the  
one co  
break  
that w  
boys,  
of tho  
vanced  
to men  
is to e



'his wife.' The same argument which a base mind would have made to itself, for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity: The malice and falshood of the disappointed woman, naturally arose on that occasion; and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves, whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulency, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I won't say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys, and flippant girls, are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen

gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr Dryden did upon the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in rallery, against the continency of his principal character, if I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan. 'That may be,' answered the bard, with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, 'Sir, you are no hero.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 45.

### CHEARFULNESS.

**I**T is an unreasonabable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with accounts of a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill, if a servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which

we

we ord  
sation,  
our ma  
proport  
the frie  
them v  
blige th  
distress  
our ow  
our frie  
of this  
call life  
more t  
little f  
There  
fore  
they e  
themse  
here p  
with c  
crown  
ertain  
usually  
seldon  
for us  
who a  
ever v  
nefs o  
low a  
The  
cise,

we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good will or good humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases; uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life, but chearful life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses, in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do, we should keep up the chearfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well-pleased. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state  
wherein

wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill humour. Poor Cottilus, among so many real evils, a chronical distemper, and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus sees the world in a hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power: If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since

Since  
health  
may  
Uranian  
and w  
every  
kind is  
can giv  
he wil  
which  
thorou  
deavou  
that h  
his pac  
provide  
Instead  
are apt  
that he  
think o  
of his b  
and the  
an inter  
of half  
Thus is  
series of  
without  
him is n  
sickness  
is to oth  
I mu  
after thi  
Vor

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper, as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranius has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing, with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance; and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranius is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickning of his pace to an home, where he shall be better provided for, than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you, that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks, at the time of his birth, he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death, he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform, and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him, than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it a-

way with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady, who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour that she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one, who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good breeding among the ladies, turns upon their uneasiness: And I'll undertake, if the how-d'ye servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find, in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain, that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary, but if possible to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. Laughter in one condition, is as unmanly as weeping, in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart, which

is

S

is a  
bett  
belie  
prof  
mean  
has f  
phil  
his T

"

" litt

" ag

" gry

" we

" W

" nig

" bed

" tho

" son

" as a

" or i

" high

" bitic

" be a

" least

" noth

" sions

" still r

" tals,

" we a



is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time has set this in an excellent light, when, with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*, in the following manner.

“For what is this life, but a circulation of  
 “little mean actions? We lie down and rise  
 “again, dress and undress, feed and wax hun-  
 “gry; work or play, and are weary, and then  
 “we lie down again, and the circle returns.  
 “We spend the day in trifles, and, when the  
 “night comes, we throw ourselves into the  
 “bed of folly, amongst dreams and broken  
 “thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our rea-  
 “son lies asleep by us, and we are for the time  
 “as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls  
 “or in the field. Are not the capacities of man  
 “higher than these? And ought not his am-  
 “bition and expectations to be greater: Let us  
 “be adventurers for another world: ’Tis at  
 “least a fair and noble chance, and there is  
 “nothing in this worth our thoughts or our pas-  
 “sions. If we should be disappointed, we are  
 “still no worse than the rest of our fellow mor-  
 “tals, and if we succeed in our expectations,  
 “we are eternally happy.”

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 143. T.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth, the latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Cheerfulness of mind, is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination

tion is  
turbec  
wheth  
with a  
provid  
creatio  
not fee  
which

If w  
whom  
love an  
mind  
obligin  
those v  
finds hi  
with th  
like a f  
light in  
The he  
turally f  
towards  
upon it.

Whe  
in its th  
as a con  
thor of  
implicit  
under al  
quiescen  
and a se  
conduct

tion is always clear, and his judgement undisturbed. His temper is even and unruffled whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing as we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him

to

S I

to m  
good  
happy  
chan  
to al

Su  
perpe  
from  
unthi  
under  
we m  
ses us  
crack  
betray  
such a  
pleasin  
conver  
please

A ch  
make l  
and wi  
poverty  
to an a  
itself a

to make us happy, by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him; and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to, when they lie under no real affliction. All that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 381. I.

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction. Convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 192.

CHERUBIMS

CHERUBIMS *and* SERAPHIMS.

**S**OME of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 600.

## CHILDREN.

*Mr* SPECTATOR,

**A**S your paper is part of the equipage of the tea table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex, on the most important circumstance of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters, which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour.

SP  
hum  
of all  
deavo  
so mu  
childr  
endow  
nature  
off her  
give it  
one) m  
ther fo  
honour  
for the  
money  
take fa  
courage  
to, like  
the plan  
much in  
of its c  
child is  
to a stra  
be suppo  
it thrives  
and qual  
rent gro  
stock? I  
ing a goa  
even its f  
power of  
it with ho



humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that, of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind or body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity, for the poor babe; but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to, like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse, than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive? And if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do we not observe, that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature? Nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk, her qualities and disposition,

is

is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying, concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence Romulus and Remus were said to be nursed by a wolf, Telephus the son of Hercules by a hind, Peleus the son of Neptune by a mare, Ægisthus by a goat; not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses; as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2. witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero, the Emperor's nurse, had been very much addicted to drinking, which habit Nero received from his nurse; and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Nero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood, to make Caligula take the better hold of them, which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty, and cruel all his life time after, that he not only committed frequent murder

by

by his  
humana  
have  
gener  
ing af  
inclina  
ty, ft  
Nay,  
though  
be con  
many  
consum  
their n  
indeed  
order t  
in this  
temper  
general  
be a nu  
people's  
an ill hu  
live. I  
to give  
for an il  
not, bri  
at least  
she take  
food wil  
best, w  
coarse fo  
is the mi

by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who, not knowing after whom the child can take, see one to incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c. merely by sucking their nurses, when in a passion or fury? But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse, is a disorder to the child; and few nurses can be found in this town but what labour under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, why she should be a nurse to other people's children, is answered, by her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock, if duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best, whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child; for, as the blood, so is the milk. And hence, I am very well assured,

proceeds

proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of the many poor infants that may and will be saved, by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child; for the general argument that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple. I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise. She will find it the greatest cure and preservative for the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever. Her children will be like giants; whereas otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit; and certainly, if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me, to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet, how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever.

But I cannot well leave this subject as yet, for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed her child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther, when brought to light and before her eyes;  
and

S r

and-w  
the o  
left o  
care a  
be ca  
ones?  
things  
she m  
The g  
fire, b  
I am n  
of nec  
and th  
chosen  
sure in  
stance.  
husband  
week e  
consider  
her go  
send the  
him by  
is suppo  
to custo

S

VOL

and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it, argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant, but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance. For if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

*Sir, yours, &c.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 246. T.

VOL. I.

Bb

CHRISTIAN

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

**A**S I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy, between the fabric and the Christian church, in the largest sense. The divine order and oeconomy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts, united in the same regular design, according to the truest art and most exact proportion, so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines and solid precepts of morality, digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view; the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars, and it straightway came into my head that this same fly was a free-thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the

S  
the  
view  
rock  
T  
ed on  
the d  
ablen  
of d  
comp  
anity,  
natur  
world  
with t  
of par  
Thi  
frame  
ness of  
true ju  
not inc  
likeliest  
It is  
enlarge  
men an  
contem  
objects  
in the o  
to pass,  
very di  
stances o  
Plato, v  
remarks



the surface of the hewn stone, which, in the view of that insect, seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker, are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence, or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connection it hath, as well with the good of public societies, as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition, which is called, Largeness of mind; its necessity towards forming a true judgement of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects than fall within the sphere of mankind, in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass, that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the Theætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks among others of the like nature.

B b 2

“ When

"When a philosopher hears ten thousand  
 "acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks  
 "upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been  
 "used to contemplate the whole globe of earth;  
 "or, when he beholds a man elated with the  
 "nobility of his race, because he can reckon  
 "a series of seven rich ancestors. The philoso-  
 "pher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow,  
 "whose mind cannot reach to a general view of  
 "human nature, which would shew him that  
 "we have all innumerable ancestors, among  
 "whom are crouds of rich and poor, kings and  
 "slaves, Greeks and Barbarians." Thus far  
 Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the  
 rest of the Heathens, for notions which ap-  
 prehend the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy or  
 speculative knowledge are useful in that respect,  
 astronomy is peculiarly adopted to remedy a  
 little and narrow spirit; in that science there  
 are good reasons assigned to prove the sun an  
 hundred thousand times bigger than our earth,  
 and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that  
 a cannon bullet, continuing in its ordinary ra-  
 pid motion, would not arrive from hence at the  
 nearest of them in the space of an hundred and  
 fifty thousand years. These ideas wonderfully  
 dilate and expand the mind. There is some-  
 thing in the immensity of this distance, that  
 shocks and overwhelms the imagination. It is  
 too

too  
 estat  
 its pr  
 Bu  
 large  
 scienc  
 the e  
 life sh  
 are a  
 "drop

The  
 view,  
 and e  
 human  
 racters  
 to the  
 tracted  
 and low  
 largem  
 these g

The  
 this do  
 but like  
 all kind  
 mind, a  
 to the  
 Christia  
 soul. P  
 respect,  
 gree bey

too big for the grasp of a human intellect; estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at its presence.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth and the transcient enjoyments of this life shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing.' The intellectual world opens wider to our view, the perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters: The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects, it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative, and this does not only hold in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgement, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection? How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the free-thinkers that raises my indignation more than their tending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it

S  
it to  
nob  
he v  
inle  
abo  
thof  
the v  
into  
beyo  
aims  
etern  
elem  
the A  
  
C  
T  
from  
which  
for th  
see, no  
possible  
errone  
hering  
tion a  
natural  
man,  
us to b  
must at

it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are flinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 70.

## CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them; but, were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow, that no other system of religion

religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the supreme Being bears to his creatures; and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has St Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind, what can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality, which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable  
of

S  
of r  
unfe  
publ  
thing  
these  
there  
ted t  
guide  
there  
best  
those  
try,  
mora  
divine  
to wo  
for th  
precep  
ed am  
virtue  
to offe  
submi  
of his  
Prince  
fection  
offered  
Jupiter  
of the  
historia  
philoso  
in this  
was en



of mathematical demonstration, in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder, if none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided, much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider that the wisest and best of men in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the Gods, as it is ordained by law, for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the Heathens, both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Æsculapius, doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his Prince, (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection,) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun, according to the custom of the Persians; for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular, for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural

natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of Gods in general, because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 186. L.

### CHRISTIANS, (*their Advantage.*)

TO one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the Heathens only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient Greece, and the other eastern countries, so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as  
we

SP

we a  
celler  
kind.

If  
not di  
believ

And i  
paper.

ideas  
attrib

the H  
of ma

Deity

I shall

this su  
sentim

'T

'to u

'heav

'host;

'in; t

'Let t

'ed fo

'earth

'shut u

'to sha

'shall

'an in

'move

'of life

'givel

we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the free-thinkers who are not direct Atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the Heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy Scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a free-thinker.

‘ Though there be that are called Gods, yet  
 ‘ to us there is but one God. He made the  
 ‘ heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their  
 ‘ host; the earth and all things that are there-  
 ‘ in; the seas and all that is therein: He said,  
 ‘ Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretch-  
 ‘ ed forth the heavens. He hath founded the  
 ‘ earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath  
 ‘ shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hither-  
 ‘ to shalt thou come, and no farther, and here  
 ‘ shall thy proud waves be staid. The Lord is  
 ‘ an invisible spirit, in whom we live, and  
 ‘ move, and have our being. He is the fountain  
 ‘ of life. He preserveth man and beast. He  
 ‘ giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul  
 of

' of every living thing, and the breath of all  
 ' mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh  
 ' rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He  
 ' killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and  
 ' he healeth. By him Kings reign, and Princes  
 ' decree justice, and not a sparrow fallieth to  
 ' the ground without him. All angels, authori-  
 ' ties and powers are subject to him. He ap-  
 ' pointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun  
 ' knoweth his going down. He thundereth  
 ' with his voice, and directeth it under the  
 ' whole heaven, and his lightning unto the  
 ' ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and  
 ' vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word.  
 ' The Lord is King for ever and ever, and his  
 ' dominion is an everlasting dominion. The  
 ' earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou,  
 ' O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old,  
 ' as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou  
 ' fold them up, and they shall be changed; but  
 ' thou art the same, and thy years shall have no  
 ' end. God is perfect in knowledge; his un-  
 ' derstanding is infinite. He is the father of  
 ' lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth,  
 ' and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord  
 ' beholdeth all the children of men from the  
 ' place of his habitation, and considereth all their  
 ' works. He knoweth our down-sitting and  
 ' up-rising. He compasseth our path, and  
 ' counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all  
 ' our ways; and when we enter our closet, and  
 ' shut

' shu  
 ' thin  
 ' of t  
 ' fro  
 ' ten  
 ' a fa  
 ' wid  
 ' of n  
 ' conf  
 ' know  
 ' Who  
 ' holl  
 ' with  
 ' and t  
 ' and t  
 ' art c  
 ' thron  
 Can  
 just and  
 more an  
 forth in  
 cal lang  
 shepher  
 and poor  
 noble fer  
 ful nation  
 fottish for  
 elegant d  
 inspired v  
 ' Who  
 ' image t  
 VOL.

‘ shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the  
 ‘ things that come into our mind, every one  
 ‘ of them: And no thought can be with-holden  
 ‘ from him. The Lord is good to all, and his  
 ‘ tender mercies are over all his works. He is  
 ‘ a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the  
 ‘ widow. He is the God of peace, the father  
 ‘ of mercies, and the God of all comfort and  
 ‘ consolation. The Lord is great, and we  
 ‘ know him not; his greatness is unsearchable.  
 ‘ Who but he hath measured the waters in the  
 ‘ hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens  
 ‘ with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness,  
 ‘ and the power, and the glory, and the victory,  
 ‘ and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou  
 ‘ art cloathed with honour. Heaven is thy  
 ‘ throne, and earth is thy footstool.’

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more  
 just and magnificent, and at the same time a  
 more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set  
 forth in the strongest images and most emphati-  
 cal language? And yet, this is the language of  
 shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews,  
 and poor persecuted Christians, retained these  
 noble sentiments, while the polite and power-  
 ful nations of the earth were given up to that  
 sottish sort of worship, of which the following  
 elegant description is extracted from one of the  
 inspired writers.

‘ Who hath formed a God, or molten an  
 ‘ image that is profitable for nothing? The

' finish with the tongs both worketh in the coals  
 ' and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh  
 ' it with the strength of his arms: Yea, he is  
 ' hungry, and his strength faileth. He drink-  
 ' eth no water, and is faint. A man planteth  
 ' an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He  
 ' burneth part thereof in the fire. He roasteth  
 ' roast. He warmeth himself. And the resi-  
 ' due thereof, he maketh a God. He falleth  
 ' down unto it and worshippeth it, and prayeth  
 ' unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art  
 ' my God. None considereth in his heart, I  
 ' have burnt part of it in the fire, yea, also, I  
 ' have baked bread upon the coals thereof: I  
 ' have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make  
 ' the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall  
 ' down to the stock of a tree?'

In such circumstances as these, for a man to  
 declare for free-thinking, and disengage him-  
 self from the yoke of idolatry, were doing ho-  
 nour to human nature, and a work well be-  
 coming the great asserters of reason. But in a  
 church, where our adoration is directed to the  
 supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is  
 nothing either in the object or manner of wor-  
 ship that contradicts the light of nature, there,  
 under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the  
 religious institutions of their country, sheweth  
 an undistinguishing genius that mistakes oppo-  
 sition for freedom of thought. And, indeed,  
 notwithstanding the pretences of some few a-  
 mong

mo  
 ther  
 then  
 tura  
 utm  
 sacre  
 mean  
 know  
 lose  
 shoul  
 whic  
 nation

If  
 way  
 is un  
 the m  
 or de  
 I will  
 incur  
 kind.

The  
 exalte  
 of chri  
 merely  
 to pos  
 tainly  
 some o  
 reproac  
 taint hi



mong our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and, at the same time, use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so, in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable, that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 83.

The noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of christianity. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame.

The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr Boyle, who founded a lecture for the Proof of the Christian religion against atheists, and other notorious infidels. The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him, as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears, from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment

ployment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book, intitled, *Physico Theology*; written by Mr Derham.

The praise of this author, seems to me, to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment, to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked, or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiser or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, show us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to their different

paths in which they are to move, and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams, to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life, from that of a worm, to that of a man, is explained; and, as I may so speak, the wonderful works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration, which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes, suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours, and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news, which he has not before heard: The agitations  
of

of the  
wha  
and  
beh  
reas  
appe  
globe  
the  
varie  
the u  
lation  
let d  
moul  
to ca  
tops o  
and v

W

with  
his cap  
it, by  
by she  
the d  
found  
taste,  
and th

The  
sum of  
of the  
distinct  
thor m

of the winds, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world: Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it, by the gift of senses, by their ready organs, by shewing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality

talities much more to be desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 175.

### CICERO'S *Letters to his Wife.*

THE wits of this island, for above fifty years past, instead of correcting the vices of the age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule, that every stage scribbler hath found his account in; for whenever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinent jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. This hath been attended with very pernicious consequences. Many a country 'Squire, upon his setting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind husband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domestic animal, unfit for the company or conversation of the *Beau-monde*. In short, separate beds, silent tables, and solitary homes, have been introduced by your men of wit and pleasure of the age.

As I shall always make it my business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take particular care to put an honest father of a family in countenance, and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that state of life, which is either the most happy or most miserable that a  
man



man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you please, consider the wits and well-bred persons of former times. I have shewn, in another paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the first quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counsellor. I shall give the like instance of another, who, in all respects, was a much greater man than Pliny, and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not so full of turns as those translated out of the former author, who writes very much like a modern, but are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguishing character of the best ancient writers. The author I am speaking of, is Cicero; who, in the following passages which I have taken out of his letters, shews, that he did not think it inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

These letters were written in a time when he was banished from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO

## CICERO to T E R E N T I A.

## I.

' I Learn, from the letters of my friends, as  
 ' well as from common report, that you  
 ' give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude,  
 ' and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of  
 ' good offices. How unhappy a man am I, that  
 ' a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour,  
 ' and good nature, should fall into so great dis-  
 ' tresses upon my account! And that my dear  
 ' Tulliola should be so much afflicted for the  
 ' sake of a father, with whom she had once so  
 ' much reason to be pleased! How can I men-  
 ' tion little Cicero, whose first knowledge of  
 ' things began with the sense of his own misery!  
 ' If all this had happened by the decrees of fate,  
 ' as you would kindly persuade me, I could  
 ' have borne it: But, alas! it is all befallen me  
 ' by my own indiscretion, who thought I was  
 ' beloved by those that envied me, and did not  
 ' join with them who sought my friendship.---  
 ' At present, since my friends bid me hope, I  
 ' shall take care of my health, that I may en-  
 ' joy the benefit of your affectionate services.  
 ' Plancius hopes we may, some time or other,  
 ' come together into Italy. If I ever live to  
 ' see that day, if I ever return to your dear em-  
 ' braces; in short, if I ever again recover you  
 ' and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety  
 ' very

' very well rewarded.---As for what you write  
 ' to me about selling your estate, consider, (my  
 ' dear Terentia) consider, alas! what would  
 ' be the event of it. If our present fortune con-  
 ' tinues to oppress us, what will become of our  
 ' poor boy! My tears flow so fast, that I am  
 ' not able to write any further; and I would  
 ' not willingly make you weep with me.---  
 ' Let us take care not to undo the child that  
 ' is already undone: If we can leave him any  
 ' thing, a little virtue will keep him from want,  
 ' and a little fortune raise him in the world.  
 ' Mind your health, and let me know frequent-  
 ' ly what you are doing.---Remember me to  
 ' Tulliola and Cicero."

## II.

' **D**ON'T fancy that I write longer letters  
 ' to any one than to yourself, unless, when  
 ' I chance to receive a longer letter from a-  
 ' nother, which I am indispensably obliged to  
 ' answer in every particular. The truth of it  
 ' is, I have no subject for a letter at present;  
 ' and, as my affairs now stand, there is nothing  
 ' more painful to me than writing. As for you,  
 ' and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you  
 ' without abundance of tears; for I see both of  
 ' you miserable, whom I always wished to be  
 ' happy, and whom I ought to have made so.---  
 ' I must acknowledge you have done every  
 ' thing

' thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and  
 ' the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more  
 ' than I expected from you; though at the same  
 ' time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune,  
 ' that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only  
 ' by those which you undergo for my sake.  
 ' For honest Valerius has written me a letter,  
 ' which I could not read without weeping very  
 ' bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of  
 ' the public procession which you have made  
 ' for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must  
 ' then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose  
 ' favour and recommendation have been so of-  
 ' ten sought by others; must my Terentia  
 ' droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in  
 ' the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of  
 ' tears, and all this for my sake; for my sake  
 ' who have undone my family, by consulting  
 ' the safety of others? As for what you write  
 ' about selling your house, I am very much  
 ' afflicted, that what is laid out upon my ac-  
 ' count, may any way reduce you to misery and  
 ' want. If we bring about our design, we may  
 ' indeed recover every thing; but, if Fortune  
 ' persists in persecuting us, how can I think of  
 ' your sacrificing for me the poor remainder of  
 ' your possessions? No, my dearest life, let me  
 ' beg you to let those bear my expences who  
 ' are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and, if  
 ' you would shew your love to me, do not in-  
 ' jure your health, which is already too much  
 ' impaired.

S

' im  
 ' eye  
 ' inn  
 ' sho  
 ' the  
 ' you  
 ' that  
 ' and  
 ' tia,

' A

' faced  
 ' am c  
 ' of yo  
 ' more  
 ' you a  
 ' becau  
 ' my fa  
 ' have c  
 ' the ci  
 ' only v  
 ' shamed  
 ' best o  
 ' You a  
 ' mourn  
 ' Amidst  
 ' the lea  
 ' long a  
 VOL.

‘impaired. You present yourself before my  
 ‘eyes day and night; I see you labouring amidst  
 ‘innumerable difficulties; I am afraid lest you  
 ‘should sink under them; but I find in you all  
 ‘the qualifications that are necessary to support  
 ‘you: Be sure therefore to cherish your health,  
 ‘that you may compass the end of your hopes  
 ‘and your endeavours.—Farewel, my Teren-  
 ‘tia, my heart’s desire, farewel.’

## III.

‘**A**RISTOCRITUS hath delivered to me three of  
 ‘your letters, which I have almost de-  
 ‘faced with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I  
 ‘am consumed with grief, and feel the weight  
 ‘of your sufferings more than of my own. I am  
 ‘more miserable than you are, notwithstanding  
 ‘you are very much so, and that for this reason,  
 ‘because, though our calamity is common, it is  
 ‘my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to  
 ‘have died rather than have been driven out of  
 ‘the city: I am therefore overwhelmed not  
 ‘only with grief, but with shame. I am a-  
 ‘shamed that I did not do my utmost for the  
 ‘best of wives, and the dearest of children.  
 ‘You are ever present before my eyes in your  
 ‘mourning, your affliction, and your sickness.  
 ‘Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me  
 ‘the least glimmering of hope—However, as  
 ‘long as you hope, I will not despair.—I  
 VOL. I. D d ‘will

' will do what you advise me. I have re-  
 ' turned my thanks to those friends whom you  
 ' mentioned, and have let them know that you  
 ' have acquainted me with their good offices. I  
 ' am sensible of Piso's extraordinary zeal and  
 ' endeavours to serve me. Oh! would the Gods  
 ' grant that you and I might live together in the  
 ' enjoyment of such a son-in-law, and of our  
 ' dear children.—As for what you write of your  
 ' coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather  
 ' you should be where you are, because I know  
 ' you are my principal agent at Rome. If you  
 ' succeed, I shall come to you: If not—But I  
 ' need say no more. Be careful of your health,  
 ' and be assured that nothing is, or ever was, so  
 ' dear to me as yourself. Farewel, my Teren-  
 ' tia; I fancy that I see you, and therefore can-  
 ' not command my weakness so far as to refrain  
 ' from tears.'

## IV.

' I Don't write to you as often as I might, be-  
 ' cause, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all  
 ' times, I am quite overcome with sorrow whilst  
 ' I am writing to you, or reading any letters that  
 ' I receive from you.—If these evils are not to  
 ' be removed, I must desire to see you, my dear-  
 ' est life, as soon as possible, and to die in your  
 ' embraces; since neither the Gods, whom you  
 ' always religiously worshipped, nor the men,  
 ' whose



' whose good I always promoted, have reward-  
 ' ed us according to our deserts.—What a dis-  
 ' tressed wretch am I? Should I ask a weak  
 ' woman, oppressed with cares and sickness, to  
 ' come and live with me, or shall I not ask her?  
 ' Can I live without you? But I find I must.  
 ' If there be any hopes of my return, help it for-  
 ' ward, and promote it as much as you are able.  
 ' But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out  
 ' some way or other of coming to me. This  
 ' you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon  
 ' myself as quite undone whilst you are with  
 ' me. But what will become of Tulliola? You  
 ' must look to that; I must confess, I am en-  
 ' tirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens,  
 ' we must take care of the reputation and mar-  
 ' riage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for  
 ' Cicero, he shall live in my bosom and in my  
 ' arms. I cannot write any further, my sor-  
 ' rows will not let me—Support yourself, my  
 ' dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We  
 ' have lived and flourished together amidst the  
 ' greatest honours: It is not our crimes, but  
 ' our virtues that have distressed us.—Take  
 ' more than ordinary care of your health; I am  
 ' more afflicted with your sorrows than my own.  
 ' Farewel, my Terentia, thou dearest, faith-  
 ' fullest, and best of wives.'

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man  
 in his family, who makes so different a figure in  
 the *Forum* or Senate of Rome. Every one ad-

mires the orator and the consul; but for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprise so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from those natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill nature, not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man, and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 159.

## CLEANLINESS

**I**S a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises portionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by

by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty flattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unspotted: Like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

I might observe farther, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe, in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neigh-

bourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner, as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the east, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion. The Jewish law, (and the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

I shall conclude this essay, with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstitions.



S  
the  
was  
the  
ing  
hand  
more  
over  
old  
pass  
vise  
strok  
kick  
His  
till h  
verte  
witho

TH  
n  
change  
in some  
English  
trymen  
the priv  
metrop  
earth.

A Dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, stumbled over the threshold, and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected that through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 631.

## COMMERCE.

**T**HERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal-Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high change  
to

to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians: Sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows  
me

me  
mor  
in t  
farth

T  
infin  
ment  
heart  
fight  
inform  
canno  
have  
I am  
of me  
and a  
or in  
famili  
is war  
superfl

Natu  
to diss  
regions  
interco  
natives  
have a  
and be  
Almost  
to it.  
and the  
gal are  
The inf



me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason, I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: The infusion of a China plant sweetned with  
the

the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippin islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature: That our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no farther advances towards a plumb than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: That our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden  
with

S  
with  
are  
room  
ador  
morn  
corn  
the d  
der  
calls  
Spice  
silk-v  
Natur  
faries  
of w  
us wi  
ment  
pinest  
ducts  
those  
birth:  
fields  
are fe  
tropi  
For  
memb  
They  
course  
ture, fi  
rich, a  
lish me  
try into

with the harvest of every climate: Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines: Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France, our gardens; the Spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers, and the Chinese, our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth: That our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropicks.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies.

The

The Mahometans are cloathed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprized to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who, in his time, would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury ! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire : It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates, as valuable as the lands themselves.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 69.

### COMMON PRAYER.

THE well reading of the Common-prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject : And what more worthy your observation than this ?

A

S

A th  
It i  
cife  
duty  
conce  
taken  
when  
look  
which  
very  
made  
of re  
such  
only  
propo  
a patte  
to con  
ignora  
You  
quente  
for ab  
was se  
degree  
When  
I hear  
phatica  
an imp  
my the  
were c  
I addre  
beautifi  
VOL

A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys are at school, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired such ill habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant frequenter of the service of the church of England for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was sevensnight never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common-prayer. When being at St James's Garlick-Hill church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers: I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my

former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voice, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent air by folding their arms, and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those that read so fast as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity: The first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: Sometimes again with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These

S  
Th  
der  
wh  
wit  
der  
the  
to p  
cent  
acco  
is ce  
read  
you  
sooth  
and n  
stead  
solve  
and  
Virgi  
divin  
Th  
the e  
cant,  
per th  
of this  
from  
presby  
Scotlan  
the fac  
in such  
by non  
all of th



These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying instead of pardoneth and absolveth, pardons and absolves. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and signification of this word. Cant is, by some people, derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, *alias* gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master Cant's time, it has been

understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and in fine all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent, are not to come within this description : So that our readers may still be as unlike the presbyterians as they please. The dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them ; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these improprieties have so great an effect on the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependence on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion ; what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer.

As

dis  
wo  
in  
pre  
me  
pul  
was  
If  
plea  
have  
with  
that  
them  
own  
with  
tone  
or sing

I W A  
Liz  
cousin  
that fe  
speak th  
pudent  
made hi  
lished an

As the matter of worship is now managed, in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated, by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr S——e say, in his pulpit, of the common-prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution: If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 147. T.

## COMPLAISANCE.

**I** WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country 'Squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen, who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good-manners. Tom had

E e 3

not

As

not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect, that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty! I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when, without taking notice of what I said, Mr Ironside, says he, you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions, as you call them, can you teach them to make a pudding? I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic rally, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessor of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner I would advise every

ve  
t  
m  
ha  
  
eq  
sm  
ma  
hin  
ber  
the  
stin  
con  
is a  
in a  
and  
whi  
con  
wor  
If  
afflic  
find,  
distr  
tions  
Shak  
fun)

The  
Tha

very man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakespeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

—The poor man's contumely,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

than

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'A constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

'Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours,

'told



' told him 'twas admirable, and at the same  
 ' time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the  
 ' empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure.  
 ' The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw  
 ' whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither  
 ' bread nor meat: If I did not like it, you may  
 ' be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily  
 ' of it. You oblige me mightily, reply'd the  
 ' Barmecide, pray let me help you to this leg of  
 ' a goose. Schacabac reached out his plate, and  
 ' received nothing on it with great cheerfulness.  
 ' As he was eating very heartily on this imagi-  
 ' nary goose, and crying up the sauce to the  
 ' skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a  
 ' corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed  
 ' with pistacho-nuts, and after having called  
 ' for it as though it had really been served up,  
 ' here is a dish, says he, that you will see at no-  
 ' body's table but my own. Schacabac was  
 ' wonderfully delighted with the taste of it,  
 ' which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat be-  
 ' fore. Several other nice dishes were served up  
 ' in idea, which both of them commended, and  
 ' feasted on after the same manner. This was  
 ' followed by an invisible desert, no part of  
 ' which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain  
 ' lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a  
 ' sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac at  
 ' length, being courteously reproached by the  
 ' Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that  
 ' he eat nothing, and at the same time, being  
 ' tired with moving his jaws up and down to no  
 ' purpose,

' purpose, desired to be excused, for that really  
 ' he was so full he could not eat a bit more. Come  
 ' then, says the Barmecide, the cloth shall be re-  
 ' moved, and you shall taste of my wines, which  
 ' I may say, without vanity, are the best in  
 ' Persia. He then filled both their glasses out of  
 ' an empty decanter. Schacabac would have  
 ' excused himself from drinking so much at once,  
 ' because he said he was a little quarrelsome in  
 ' his liquor; however being prest to it, he pre-  
 ' tended to take it off, having before-hand  
 ' praised the colour, and afterwards the fla-  
 ' vour. Being ply'd with two or three other i-  
 ' maginary bumpers of different wines, equally  
 ' delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic  
 ' treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave  
 ' the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but im-  
 ' mediately recovering himself; Sir, says he, I  
 ' beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you be-  
 ' fore, that it was my misfortune to be quarrel-  
 ' some in my drink. The Barmecide could not  
 ' but smile at the humour of his guest, and in  
 ' stead of being angry at him, I find, says he,  
 ' thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest  
 ' to be entertained in my house. Since thou  
 ' canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we  
 ' will now eat together in good earnest. Upon  
 ' which calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the  
 ' goose, the pistacho-lamb, the several other  
 ' nice dishes, with the desert, the lozenges,  
 ' and all the variety of Persian wines were served  
 ' up

'up successively, one after another; and Schacabac was feasted in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 162.

## CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, child, how does your father do? He began to reply, My mother—But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who (he said) would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head,

head, and the tenderness he shewed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow. We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and, as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that, instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend

pend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children, renewed the expressions of their sorrow, according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedside: And what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the bedside, she told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done—Take care of your friend—Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever.

In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent, and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies, (*Neceffitas ipsa, dies longa, & solitudo doloris*) The necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement;



ment; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no farther pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

*With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful ev'ning mild; the silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her stary train.  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrant after showers,  
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.*

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 114.

## CONJUGAL AFFLICTION.

*Cheapside, July 18.*

‘ I HAVE lately married a very pretty body,  
 ‘ who, being something younger and richer  
 ‘ than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to  
 ‘ her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore  
 ‘ in my life ; for I love to dress plain, and suit-  
 ‘ able to a man of my rank. However, I gain-  
 ‘ ed her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day I  
 ‘ put myself, according to custom, in another  
 ‘ suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am  
 ‘ so out of countenance among my neighbours  
 ‘ upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my  
 ‘ clothes well worn out. I fancy every body  
 ‘ observes me as I walk the street, and long to  
 ‘ be in my old plain geer again. Besides, for-  
 ‘ sooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown,  
 ‘ and a gaudy fool’s cap, and make me now and  
 ‘ then stand in the window with it. I am a-  
 ‘ shamed to be dandled thus, and can’t look in  
 ‘ the glass without blushing to see myself turned  
 ‘ into such a pretty little master. They tell me  
 ‘ I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first  
 ‘ month at least ; after which, I am resolved  
 ‘ to come again to my every day’s clothes, for  
 ‘ at present every day is Sunday with me. Now  
 ‘ in my mind, Mr Ironside, this is the wrongest  
 ‘ way of proceeding in the world. When a  
 ‘ man’s person is new and unaccustomed to a  
 ‘ young body, he does not want any thing else

‘ to

' to set him off. The novelty of the lover, has  
 ' more charms than a wedding-suit. I should  
 ' think therefore, that a man should keep his  
 ' finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and  
 ' not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over.  
 ' I have observed at a lord-mayor's feast, that  
 ' the sweet-meats don't make their appearance  
 ' till people are cloy'd with beef and mutton,  
 ' and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead  
 ' of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests,  
 ' when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet  
 ' when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate  
 ' my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown,  
 ' I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing  
 ' whether my wife won't repent of her marri-  
 ' age, when she sees what a plain man she has to  
 ' her husband. Pray, Mr Ironside, write some-  
 ' thing to prepare her for it, and let me know  
 ' whether you think she can ever love me in a  
 ' hair button.

' I am, &c.

P. S. ' I forgot to tell you of my white  
 ' gloves, which they say too, I must wear all  
 ' the first month.'

My correspondent's observations are very just,  
 and may be useful in low life, but to turn them  
 to the advantage of people in higher stations, I  
 shall raise the moral, and observe something  
 parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the  
 behaviour

behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this: Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such, during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding, hindered him from

from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, How he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, says Tom, I mention this now, because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it. In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband, than she discovered in the lover.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 113.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





